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J O U R N A L

OF

A T O U R .

LONDON

PRINTED BY E. LOWE, PLAYHOUSE YARD, BLACKFRIARS.

JOURNAL
OF A TOUR
TO WATERLOO AND PARIS,
IN COMPANY WITH
SIR WALTER SCOTT
IN 1815.
BY
THE LATE JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

L O N D O N
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1842.

716.

THE Publication of the following Journal has been delayed for a considerable time, in consequence of the death of its lamented Author. Two hundred pages had been Printed under his own superintendence; and as a comparatively small Part remained in Manuscript, the whole is now given to the Public, in the hope that the circumstances under which it appears, will sufficiently excuse any inaccuracies which may be discovered.

TO ALEXANDER PRINGLE, ESQ., M.P.

MY DEAR PRINGLE,

I beg leave to inscribe to you, and our friend, Sheriff BRUCE, the following Journal of our Tour to Waterloo and Paris, in 1815.

Many years have passed over our heads since that "spirit-stirring time," and I am aware that the interest even of those memorable events by which it was distinguished, must necessarily be in some degree diminished. To us, however, the recollection of this delightful excursion must ever prove a source of the greatest satisfaction, no less from the circumstances under which it was made, than from the highly interesting and varied character of the

scenes which continually presented themselves
to our notice.

I have only to add, that it will afford me very
sincere gratification, could I venture to hope
that my narrative will meet with your appro-
bation, and recal to you with pleasure the
happy and brilliant days we spent together on
the Continent.

Believe me,

My dear PRINGLE,

Very truly your's,

JOHN SCOTT.

GALA HOUSE,

June, 1840.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Lander—Flodden—Newcastle—York—Hull.

SHORTLY after the surrender of Paris to the Allies in 1815, I was informed that Sir Walter Scott proposed, in company with Mr. Alexander Pringle the younger, of Whytbank, and Mr. Robert Bruce, advocate, to visit Belgium and France during summer ; and having had the good fortune to be admitted as a party in this interesting excursion, I set out with them to Newcastle on the 27th of July.

No communication had been established between Holland and the northern part of the

British coast since the conclusion of hostilities ; we therefore determined to make for Kingston-on-Hull, as being the nearest seaport where we could hope to meet with a packet bound for the Continent.

Our first halt was at Lauder, where we breakfasted ; and I remember Sir Walter entering the inn with a quotation, which he was fond of repeating on such occasions,

“ Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet.”

He seemed to have a kind of national partiality for the meal ; and we were thoroughly disposed, by our early drive over Soutra Hill, to yield a hearty obedience to the wholesome precept of the couplet.

The country in the neighbourhood of Lauder was at that time very bare and uncultivated ;*

* Lord Maitland has of late years very much improved the appearance of Lauderdale by his extensive plantations at Thirllestane Castle.

and as Scott had been for two years past busily engaged with his operations at Abbotsford, he noticed in passing, with the eye of an improver, many a bleak hill and bank that called out, as he said, "Come plant me."

But although Soutra and Lauderdale are certainly most dreary and uninteresting districts to the traveller, they by no means proved so to us during the course of our day's journey. Scott was in high spirits, and the road reminded him of his early expeditions to Kelso and Rosebank, and of his rambles and raids with his companions when he visited Crichton Castle, Borthwick, and the Lammermoors. These early recollections always afforded Sir Walter the greatest satisfaction; and whenever he was in peculiarly high spirits, he seldom failed to recur to the days of the civil law class and the Outer-House. At one time we had the account of a long day's travel and fishing party, or some story of his friends Cranstoun or Clerk, — their practical jokes against each other, or their impromptus and

squibs ; as, for example, the verses on the illustrious Mr. Packwood, to whose name sundry ingenious rhymes were invented, in order to proclaim the virtues of his wonderful strop. The poet expatiated on the distress produced by those inefficient instruments, which, as he pathetically expressed it, "*hack would*" and "*rack would*" the cheeks of unfortunate gentlemen at their morning toilet, and his object was to prove that the sole reliance of the sufferers was to be placed on the discoveries of the infallible *Packwood*.

Nor was the scenery itself without its attractions. We shortly came in sight of the distant Eildons. We passed close to the native village of Thomas of Ercildown, and the bonny broom of the Cowdenknows,*—a very singular hill, which

* The ballad of Cowdenknows was a great favourite of Sir Walter's. An invitation I received from him to attend a meeting of the Abbotsford hunt is as follows : " Our annual coursing match and subsequent jollification takes place to-morrow. Will you compear at half-past ten if the weather serves, and bring over your dogs ? It is worth while were it but to hear Capt. Ormiston sing the Broom of Cowdenknows."

on one side appears to be formed into a cone with mathematical accuracy ; while, on that by which we passed, it assumes an irregular and totally different aspect. In the afternoon we approached the border hills, and Scott pointed out to us one in particular, which we had requested he would not forget to show us when it came in sight. This, it may be anticipated by persons acquainted with the locality, was Flodden Edge. When we came still nearer to this part of the Cheviots, had passed Branxton,* and reached

The fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield,†

Sir Walter again referred to the fondly-remembered excursions of his early days, of which so interesting a description is given in his letters to Mr. Clerk and others of his friends.

He also spoke of the visit he had paid to Flod-

* James IV. was killed in a field near Branxton.

† Marmion, canto vi.

den a year or two before, on his way to Rokeby. Nor did he forget the favourite anecdote of his device to persuade the landlord of the inn there to have the new reading of the line from the poem,

“ Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and *pay*,”

emblazoned on his sign-post, instead of the portrait of the author, with which he was anxious that the board should be graced.*

In the evening we reached Newcastle, whence we proceeded next morning to York. The coach was quite full, and we had not of course much conversation. Scott was, I believe, chiefly engaged in reading “ Scott’s Visit to Paris ” during the greater part of the way.

We attended service in the Cathedral on Sunday ; and on arriving at Hull in the afternoon, were informed, that in order to reach the ports of Holland it was necessary to continue our journey as far as Harwich.

* For this anecdote see Lockhart’s *Life*, vol. iv. p. 16.

CHAPTER II.

Passage-Boat from Hull to Barton—Lincoln—Peterborough—
Cambridge—Bury St. Edmunds—Harwich.

THIS circuit caused some delay, which, however, was not to be regretted, as it afforded us an opportunity of seeing a part of England we had never visited; and, in particular, the two beautiful Cathedrals of Lincoln and Peterborough. There were no steam-boats in those days, and we were detained some little time in the dingy town of Hull on account of the tide.

In crossing the ferry to Barton, an incident occurred which afforded us some amusement. Among the passengers was a very alarming-

looking woman with an unfortunate child in her arms, and accompanied by several others in as ragged a condition as herself, and her miserable helpmate, over whom she tyrannised with all the severity that a violent temper could inspire, aided, it would seem, by a tolerable allowance of gin.

Something had occurred to offend the dame, which made her turn towards her poor Jerry with an air of peculiar contempt; and altogether she so strongly reminded me of Mrs. Mucklewrath, the amiable helpmate,—the Venus of the Vulcan of Cairnvreckan, that I said to Sir Walter—in rather a low tone, it may be supposed, from our near vicinity to so formidable a personage—“*His bairns,*” as Mrs. Mucklewrath says in infinite disdain. “*His bairns;*

“ O gin ye were dead, gudeman,

“ And a green turf on your head, gudeman.”

—Sir Walter could not help laughing at the quotation. He shook his stout staff *Shrewsbury*,

and finished the stanza, limping away to the end of the boat in great glee.

“ Then I wad ware my widowhood
Upon a ranting Highlandman.”*

It was night when we reached Lincoln ; but as we passed near the Cathedral on our way through the town, we had an opportunity of seeing it to great advantage by the light of a very brilliant moon. We regretted, that owing to the early hour of our departure next morning, we had so imperfect a view of this noble structure, which, from the grandeur of its situation, its magnitude and architectural beauty, has by some persons been considered as the finest of our English Cathedrals.

We reached Peterborough in the afternoon, and entered the Cathedral just as the organ commenced the anthem. Sir Walter Scott was not usually much alive to musical impressions unless accompanied with poetry, which at the same

* I need scarcely remind the reader that this passage occurs in *Waverley*, vol. iii.

time excited his attention ; but on this occasion the solemnity of the service and of the venerable Minster* affected him more than I ever recollect to have observed at any other time. He stopped suddenly on hearing the first chords of the organ, and turned aside to the aisle, where he walked by himself for some little time.

It was, I believe, in the course of our drive from Peterborough to Cambridge that the abstraction of Sir Walter excited the surprise of

* Mr. Dallaway, in his observations on English architecture, has the following remarks : A French critic, says he, gives it as his opinion, that in order to compose a perfect Cathedral, he would select the west front of Rheims, the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais, and the spires of Chartres. In reference to English Cathedrals, Mr. Dallaway proposes to fix on the situation of Durham, and to combine with the west front of Peterborough, Lincoln or Wells, our Lady's Chapel at Peterborough, the nave of Westminster, and the towers of Lincoln, York or Gloucester. The great beauty of the west front of Peterborough, and, indeed, the fine effect of the whole building, renders it doubtful if the style of Gothic architecture has been improved by the changes introduced since the period when it was erected. According to Britton, the nave was built in 1160, and the west front in 1220.

his neighbour on the box, and called forth so many grave looks from that important personage, as related in the *Life*, vol. v. p. 59.

We arrived in the forenoon at Cambridge, where we stopped all night, as Mr. P—— and myself, who had been students at the University, were anxious to show the Colleges to Sir Walter. A lapse of five years produces a very great change in the society of such a place as Cambridge, and of the acquaintances still left scarcely any were to be found in College. A gownsman in August would in fact be as uncommon a sight in Cambridge, as a fashionable loungeur in Bond Street in September.

We lodged at the Sun, immediately opposite Trinity College, with which Scott was much pleased; went through St. John's and King's Chapel, and concluded the evening with a hearty supper, in the course of which my fellow-student and I took care that a glass of Trinity audit ale and a crowning bowl of *Bishop* should on no account be forgotten.

We had had a long and interesting day's work, during which we had seen several of the finest towns and buildings in England, and after one of the merriest evenings I recollect to have passed, were glad to enjoy a little rest from our agreeable labours.

There was no doubt "a general complaint of thirst"* next morning, and after some farther inspection of the Colleges, we set out in the forenoon towards Harwich by the way of Bury St. Edmunds.

During the short pause we made in this ancient town, we found time to pay a hasty visit to its venerable remains. Of these some were well calculated to interest Scott. The Abbey dedicated to St. Edmund had for centuries been one of the largest and most celebrated in England, and such was the fame and sanctity of the royal martyr, that Richard I. on his return from Palestine had made a pilgrimage to his shrine, in order to offer up the standard of the King of Cyprus.

* Lockhart's Life, vol. v. p. 58.

Of this magnificent establishment, however, there are very few remains except the Abbey gate, which is a fine specimen of castellated Gothic of the 14th century.* This was erected immediately after the serious attack on the Abbey by the citizens in 1327. It has double entrance

* The Abbots of Bury possessed great powers ; and the jealousy entertained of their prerogatives, both in temporal and spiritual affairs, gave rise to frequent quarrels with the town's-people.

In the riot above mentioned, the inhabitants, headed by the aldermen and burgesses, assaulted the Monastery with the utmost fury. As declared in the commission issued to justices appointed to try the case, they had assailed it, vi et armis, gladiis, arcubus et sagittis, aketonibus, hauberrionibus, vaccinetis, placis, lanceis, gysarmis—had destroyed the gates, doors, windows,—beaten and wounded the monks and servants,—broken open the chests and coffers, and carried off the plate, money and valuables. The prior, in the absence of the abbot, with many of the monks, was compelled to sign an agreement to pay £10,000, and engage not to proceed against the citizens for the damage done to the Monastery. Edward III., however, sent a military force to overawe the rioters; and after a long trial several of the offenders were executed, and part of the damage repaid, which was estimated at £140,000. See *Yates's Account of Bury St. Edmunds.*

gates, a place for a portcullis, and is in fact a little fortress, in which every precaution is taken against assault.

The Church gate is another fine relic of antiquity. It was formerly used as a belfry to St. James's Church, and was from that circumstance saved from destruction at the dissolution. It is considered by architects as one of the best examples of the Norman style of the 11th century.

In the course of this day's journey, Scott's spirits were uncommonly lively, and so much did he delight one of our fellow-travellers, that he could not refrain from expressing his satisfaction in the manner related in Mr. Lockhart's Work, vol. v. p. 59.*

* As we entered the town where we were to dine, a heavy-looking man who was to stop there took occasion to thank Scott for the pleasure his anecdotes had afforded him. "You have a good memory, Sir," said he. "Mayhap now you sometimes write down what you hear or be a-reading about." He answered very gravely, that he did occasionally put down a few notes, if anything struck him particularly.

The same forenoon, also, no doubt in consequence of the gaiety and brilliancy of his conversation, his name was discovered by a gentleman in the coach, who was not a little surprised to find himself in company with so celebrated a person. Scott had previously made it his particular request that no names should be mentioned, and, except on this occasion, I think he never was found out.

We reached Harwich at a late hour.

CHAPTER III.

A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature ;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.

* * * * *

A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

BUTLER.

Voyage to Helvoetsluys—Williamstadt—Bergen-op-Zoom.

Aug. 2nd.—WE sailed to Helvoetsluys, which we hoped to reach on the ensuing morning, as we were assured by the captain of our packet that we had every prospect of a favourable voyage, and might certainly expect to enjoy a

comfortable breakfast at the hotel there with his friend Mr. Hobson.

Of the correctness of these often-repeated asseverations, however, we soon began to entertain very considerable doubts, as we could not avoid remarking that they were accompanied with many more demands in an under tone for "a glass of porter" from John Barnes the steward, than we thought likely to conduce to that happy effect.

In this latter person, however, we had more confidence, as he appeared to be a steady experienced seaman; and it gave us no small satisfaction to perceive that he had considerable influence at head-quarters, both with respect to the due regulation of the porter, and other matters no less materially connected with the safety of the vessel.

Our passage, on the whole, was tedious and uncomfortable. Instead of being near Holland next morning, we found that we had made but little way during the night; the sea was short,

and sickening ; and we certainly, during the whole day, presented pictures of four as miserable gentlemen as ever set forth on an excursion of pleasure.

Notwithstanding the wild demeanour and conversation of our captain*—one of the most singular persons I have ever encountered—every sounding was duly made, every sailing order given according to the chart with the utmost skill and accuracy ; and we crossed the *flats*, as the shallows near the coast of Holland are called, in perfect safety.

Our breakfast at Mr. Hobson's, however, did not take place till the day after that on which it had been promised us, as we were prevented by

* Among other events of his life, he informed us of his having been "steered to jail" in Holland, by means of an ingenious instrument used for that purpose by the authorities ; which consists of a pole of wood, having a hook attached to one of its extremities. This, it appears, was so contrived as to secure the prisoner by a kind of spring lock ; and at the same time to keep him at such a distance, as to prevent the possibility of his making an attack on his captor.

the tide from reaching Helvoet till the morning of the 5th of August.

We sailed in a treckschuyt up the Maes, the banks of which appeared to consist of a mere thread of land, marked here and there by a few mean houses and stunted trees ; and arrived at Williamstadt shortly after midday. There we hired a cabriolet, and proceeded to Bergen-op-zoom.

The country through which we travelled was composed entirely of sand ; and the chaussée was so much raised above its level, as to afford a good view of its general aspect.

Nothing could well be conceived less interesting than the scenery ; but to us, who had never before crossed the channel, all had the charm of novelty. Our attention was continually engaged by a succession of objects, different from what we had been accustomed to, by the language and attire of the people, the large earrings and hats of the women, and countenances, perhaps, not without some traits of resemblance

to our northern countrymen, and yet evidently not British.

We were struck with the great cleanliness of the streets and houses. In our inns the floors and grates were so beautifully polished, that a slight speck would have been instantly perceptible.

The remark that Holland is the paradise of horses, we found fully verified. The postillions spoke to their cattle in the kindest manner; and we observed that a slice of *brood* was frequently provided for them at the end of a stage, and seemed to be a perquisite which the sleek and well-fed nags were quite prepared to expect.

In the afternoon we found ourselves amidst extensive copse woods; and at length observed, at some distance, an insignificant spire, apparently rising from a building sunk below the level of the road on which we were travelling. Several smooth green banks then appeared on each side of us; and in one of these we observed a gun peeping through an embrasure,

which was the first indication of our approach to the celebrated fortress of which it was an outwork. Of this, however, another decided proof was very soon afforded by our passing close to a house entirely destroyed and pierced through with shot.

The road now took several abrupt turns, at each of which we perceived bastions, with their artillery pointed at us in all directions.

After crossing several drawbridges, we arrived at one of the principal gates of the town, whence, after a strict examination of our passports, we drove to Mr. Peter's hotel.

The commandant civilly recommended us to the care of the sexton of the principal church, a man of Scottish parentage, though a native of Bergen-op-zoom, who spoke English perfectly well, and proved altogether an obliging and intelligent guide.

We walked with him to the entrance of the harbour where the place was first entered, and crossed the water-port itself by a narrow wooden

bridge, along which our men had passed in single file.*

Thence we proceeded to the Antwerp gate, between which and the water-port gate, an attack was made by the column under General Cooke; and were shown the place, near the former, where Colonel Macdonald fell. A demolished garden, in which part of Cooke's division had sustained severe loss, and the spot where General Skerret was wounded, were also pointed out to us.

While we walked along the ramparts, on which we remarked several of the trees riddled with musket shot, the sky was frequently illuminated with flashes of sheet lightning; and I well recollect the solemn feelings with which the scene impressed us, when listening to the melancholy details given us of this bold, though unfortunate attempt; "and heard," as Sir W. Scott relates, "from below the hollow roll of

* See Lieut.-General Sir T. Graham's despatch, dated Calmhout, March 10, 1814.

the drums announcing the setting of the watch, and the deep and sullen 'Wer da' of the sentinels, as they challenged those who passed their station." *

During the night the change of the guard was marked by the sound, as it seemed, of pieces of wood striking against each other in a sort of cadence, accompanied with a watchword, given in a musical strain.

The sexton informed us that at one time there were above a thousand prisoners in the church. To the wall of the aisle was affixed a plain monument of marble, on which we read the names of the British officers who had fallen in the assault. †

* See Paul's Letters, letter ii.

† In O'Meara's Journal may be found some observations of Napoleon on this "daring attempt," as he terms it.

CHAPTER IV.

The Emperor remarked, that the scheme he had formed, would have rendered Antwerp a stupendous and colossean bulwark ; and that it would have been a whole province itself.

* * * * *

Five or six places of this kind were to constitute the new system of defence, which he intended to have established.

JOURNAL OF COUNT DE LAS CASAS, Part VII.

Antwerp—Cathedral—Church of St. James's—House of the Douanier—The Docks—Citadel—Pictures—Grand Laboureur.

Aug. 6th.—WE set out at an early hour to Antwerp. The chaussée, as before, was carried along raised dykes, and the country through which we passed, no less tame and uninterest-

ing, than on the previous day. The cultivation was very partial, and on all sides were marshes and sandy plains.

We observed several old-fashioned houses near the road, with heavy roofs, and formal rows of pollards in front, which reminded us of the pictures of the Dutch masters.

At a drawbridge close to Antwerp, we saw for the first time a party of English soldiers, and after the usual examination at the gate, we arrived at the "Grand Laboureur," about noon.

We proceeded immediately to the cathedral of Notre Dame, the tower of which we had admired on approaching the city, as the highest and most beautiful we had ever seen.

On entering this magnificent building, one is struck with its breadth and spaciousness, being greater than that of our English cathedrals.*

* Notre Dame is 500 feet in length, and 230 in breadth. Mr. Hope considers this cathedral as "one of the largest and most regularly distributed he knows. It has three

The pillars and arches are not, I think, so lofty as those of York or Lincoln ; but the effect produced by the number of the aisles, and vast extent of the arcades, is extremely grand. It is indeed

“ — a mighty minster of old time,
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past.” *

None of the celebrated paintings by Rubens, which used to adorn the church, had as yet been restored by France. To persons, however, who had not been accustomed to see pictures in places of worship, the blank was not offensive.

As in many other instances on the continent, the exterior of this noble edifice is incrustated with several miserable booths and shops, some-

complete aisles on each side, with clustered pillars. Over the centre a fine octagonal lantern replaces the intended tower. The part of its front not hid or defaced, is elegant, though appearing narrow for its height.”

* The Cathedral Hymn, by Mrs. Hemans.

what as we remarked, after the fashion of the "Craims," at St. Giles's, Edinburgh, which used to hold out so many attractions in our youthful days.

At the altars, and in various parts of the nave, several persons were kneeling in private devotion, which, at a distance at least, had a striking and solemn effect. Many of the confessionals were ornamented with figures ; and the carved work of the pulpit we particularly admired on account of the beauty and richness of the execution.

We next visited the church of St. James, which contained the only picture of Rubens allowed by the French to remain in any of the public buildings of Antwerp.

The persons of this "Holy family," as it is termed, consisting of the Virgin and child, Mary Magdalen, and another female Saint, together with St. Jerome and St. George, are represented, as is well known, by the wives and daughters of

the painter, including also his mistress, his father and himself.* The picture is remarkable for the brilliancy of its colouring, and was considered by Sir Joshua Reynolds in this respect equal to any other of the artist's works in Antwerp.

The church itself is not a fine building, but contains a great number of marble altars and monuments. Among the statues there is one of the patron saint, which is much admired.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the ornamented gables of the houses in the Grand Place, and other parts of the town, which certainly appear to great advantage, when compared with the style of architecture of more recent buildings. Their internal accommodation may not perhaps be so convenient. We walked through one of those old mansions, to look at a collection of pictures on sale, which appeared dull and ill lighted, on account of the great depth of the building, in proportion to its breadth.

* Rubens himself figures as St. George.

In the course of our circuit, we crossed a wooden bridge to a windmill, from which we saw the point whence the town was bombarded. No house seemed to have suffered so severely as that of the Douanier; the unpopularity of whose profession, however, caused slight commiseration to be manifested for the severe visitation which he had experienced.

The great basins constructed by Napoleon, in prosecution of his design to make Antwerp the great arsenal in the north of his empire, give an idea of the grand scale on which his undertakings were planned. Immense blocks of stone, brought from the quarries of Namur, lay on the quays, which have not, even now, I believe, been thoroughly completed. In a commercial point of view, however, these docks, in the construction of which it is supposed that the French have expended more than £2,000,000, are still of great importance to the city. *

* In the Journal of Count de Las Cases, an account is

The citadel we found full of British troops, and were conducted round the ramparts by an Irish soldier, whose great object was to earn his half-crown by mystifying his unwarlike visitors, and extolling his own acts of bravery.

given of Buonaparte's vast schemes for the works proposed to be executed at Antwerp, Flushing, and Terneuse. The first, he intended to have fortified so strongly, as to render it a point of attack by sea, and of national security by land, in case of any disaster. The present town, he proposed, should have been entirely commercial: on the opposite bank of the river, facing the Tête de Flandres, he designed to have constructed a military arsenal, to be connected with the city by flying bridges of a peculiar description. The basins were to have been capable of containing three-decked ships.

At Flushing, the basin was to have been deepened, so as to admit of vessels of 80 tons; and to have been a winter station for ships of the line.

The fortifications were to have been strengthened as much as possible by additional works.

At Terneuse, about three leagues distance from the mouth of the Scheldt, he proposed to have established an arsenal and large basin, from which a fleet might have put to sea at any season.

The environs of Antwerp were formerly celebrated for the number of fine trees with which they were adorned ; but these had been cut down when the defence of the place was entrusted to Carnot, in the winter of 1814. According to the military phrase, the country was completely *rasée*.

Our guide was in the highest degree active and obliging, and endeavoured to gain admission for us to whatever could possibly be thought worthy of observation. His anxiety respecting the "Chapeau de paille" of Rubens, in particular, now in Sir Robert Peel's gallery, was extreme ; and we regretted that some untoward difficulty prevented us from seeing that celebrated picture.

The heat of the weather, however, and the variety of objects which were presented to us, rendered our task of sight-seeing somewhat severe. Willingly, therefore, did we accept of our guide's earnest apologies for having failed

in his endeavours ; and lost no time in retiring to the good fare and comfortable accommodations of the “Grand Laboureur,”—the “Laa-borer,” as it was called by a soldier of the 79th, whom Sir Walter met in his morning ramble,*—certainly one of the best hotels we met with on the continent.

We left Antwerp on the morning of the 7th August, and stopped some little time at Mechlin, *the fair*,† as it is justly called. The Cathedral is a fine building ; the tower remarkable for its height, (though less, by one hundred feet, than

* See Memoirs of Major P. Gordon, vol. 2, p. 338.

† The town of Flanders were anciently distinguished by various epithets. Brussels was called the *noble* ; Bruges, the *ancient* ; Ghent, the *great* ; Antwerp, the *wealthy* ; Louvain, the *learned* ; Mechlin, the *beautiful*. In these also, were Societies which used to vie with each other in the magnificence with which they exhibited shows or dramatic pieces, on great public occasions, as on the accession of Philip II., &c.

The society at Mechlin, was called the *Peony* ; at Louvain, the *Rose* ; at Brussels, the *Marygold* ; at Antwerp, the *Violet*.

was originally intended), and still more for the delicacy of the carving.

In this church, I for the first time heard mass—a ceremony in which, as Scott observed, when I was going to service,—“the officiating clergyman might possibly, at first sight, appear as if engaged in some nice process of cookery, rather than in a devotional exercise.”

We remarked several females here, as indeed we had previously done at Antwerp, belonging to the religious order of Les Sœurs de Charité, attired in the black hoods and scarfs worn by the Beguines, who in this city were at one time very numerous.

The country near Mechlin is flat and rich, the roads broad and well-kept, with ditches and rows of trees on each side.

The supply of agricultural produce was most abundant. The “*properans agitator aselli*,” mentioned by Bishop Livin of Ghent, in his description of Flanders, who in his daily circuit

“*Ruris delicias offert, cum lacte butyrum,*”

was frequently to be met with, and seemed to be a no less popular and accommodating person than in the days of that ancient prelate.

As harvest was begun, we had an opportunity of seeing the Flemish method of reaping corn, with a short scythe in one hand, and a hooked stick in the other, for the purpose of collecting the grain. The process seemed expeditious, and not so fatiguing as ours in Britain, chiefly from the workmen not being obliged to stoop so much during the operation.

We passed the Palace of Lacken, whence, it may be remembered, were dated the proclamations to the people of Brussels, found in the carriage of Napoleon, which had been printed in anticipation of his expected victory over the Allies.

On a subsequent occasion, we visited this fine chateau, and admired the taste displayed by Josephine in the garden and furniture. The tapestry was particularly fine. We arrived at

Brussels at an early hour, and took up our abode at the Hotel de Flandres, in the Place Royale.

CHAPTER V.

O quanto me piace Bruxelles e questo sito. Giace in grembo d' un piano al salve d' un colle, e da quella parte, che si va alzando, io feci la mia intrata : e non ho mai veduto scena piu bella. Il paese al intorno e amenissimo, e ora al *mezzo agosto* ride la primavera nei prati.

BENTIVOGLIO.

THE praise bestowed by Bentivoglio on the situation of Brussels, is not exaggerated ; and the climate we also found no less agreeable than he describes it to have been at the time of his visit.

The city was in the utmost confusion and bustle—troops, horses and waggons, constantly moving about, and the place one vast hospital.

On the day we arrived, we dined at the table d' hôte in the hotel, where we found ourselves among persons of all nations. A young, fair-haired German officer was present, who had been sadly wounded in the face by two severe sabre cuts, which had but recently healed. These did not, however, give him any pain or annoyance, for never was any one in better spirits. I much regretted not being able to understand his language, as he was evidently describing, to an attentive circle, some of the events of the glorious days.

In the evening we went to the theatre. The story of the first piece represented, was uninteresting ; the acting, however, very respectable. We were much amused with an ancient " tante amoureuse," who arrives at the capital with her niece, on some law business. She is a person of much dignity and pretended decorum, and in conversing with her agent, said to him, with infinite importance and gravity of deportment, " Et vous, monsieur, s'il vous plait, vous

aurez la bonté de trouver pour ma nièce un procureur d' un age mûr—et pour moi, monsieur, un medecin—un jeune medecin—vous comprenez, un jeune medecin.”

The audience was the most curious and interesting part of the spectacle, and consisted of military men of different nations, and foreigners of every description. Near us, in the parterre, was a particularly fierce-looking man of war, dressed in a dark green uniform, who probably understood very little that was said, and certainly never condescended to smile, or appear the least interested in any thing that was going on. Scott set him down for a Bohemian—on what grounds I do not exactly know, unless from the great likelihood of his being a native of the “desarts” spoken of by Antigonus, and “places remote enough which are in Bohemia.”

The day after our arrival, we went to see the Hotel de Ville, remarkable for the beauty of its architectural details, and its lofty and elegant spire ; and thence proceeded to the cathedral,

dedicated to the holy Virgin St. Gudule,* a venerable and massive structure, the west front of which has been compared to that of Wells Cathedral, although certainly of very inferior merit, both in point of design and workmanship.

The pulpit is one of the finest specimens of the well-known skill displayed by the Flemish in the art of carving in wood. It is supported by the figures of our first parents, whom the angel has been commanded to expel from the garden of Eden, to till the earth whence they

* The remains of St. Gudule were transferred to Brussels from the village of Montzell, by Charles, Duke of Lorraine. The saint had been first interred at Ham, and a tree which flourished near her grave followed her of its own accord to Montzell, though not to Brussels, as might naturally have been expected. The consecrated host was, in the 14th century, stolen from this altar by certain Jews, who also wounded it with their daggers. The host shed drops of blood. The sacred emblem, however, was soon after recovered; the sacrilegious plunderers were detected, and burned to death, and the miracle was for many years commemorated by magnificent ceremonies.

were taken. On the summit is the Virgin Mary, who wounds with a spear the serpent, entwined round the tree of knowledge, which is so placed as to form the back of the pulpit. Near Adam several animals and birds are introduced, as lions, eagles, &c., while Eve is attended by a group of monkeys, peacocks, and paroquets.

We then went to see the cannon taken at Waterloo, amounting to 133 pieces. On these were inscribed names, some of which certainly appeared by no means applicable; as for instance, "La celeste harmonie;" another was named "Voltaire;" "Le Docteur," &c.

We were amused with the pertinacity with which the prowess of the *braves Belges* was held up at Brussels to the admiration of the world. Of their gallant Prince they certainly had every reason to be proud; and the Dutch troops, and many of the Flemish regiments, shewed great firmness and courage. Certain anecdotes, however, were current, which did not entirely warrant the magnificent eulogiums chaunted forth

by the ballad-singers in every street, in which scarcely any mention was made of the presence of other combatants, as sharers in the honours won by the native warriors.* This pardonable vain-glory, however, did not at all interfere with

* I cannot resist mentioning here the description given by Froissart of the braves Belges of the fourteenth century. He is speaking of the trainbands of Brussels, who attended the Duke of Brabant to the battle of Basweiler, where he was defeated by the Duke of Juliers.

“ Autour du Duc estoient sur les champs ses Brucellois, montès les anciens à cheval, et leurs valets par derrière eux, qui portoient flascons et bouteilles de vin, troussées à leurs selles; et aussi parmi ce fourrage et pastès de saumons de truites et d'anguilles, envelopées de belles petites touailles, et ensognoient la durement ces gens la place de leurs chevaux tant qu'on ne se pouvoit aider de nul coste. Donc dit Gerard de Bies au Duc, ‘ Sire, commandez que la place soit vuide de ces chevaux. Ils nous empechent trop grandement: nous ne pouvons veoir autour de nous, n’ avoir la cognoissance de l’avant garde de vostre Mareschal Messire Robert de Namur.’ ‘ Je le veuil,’ dit le Duc, et le commanda. A donc prit Gerard son glaive entre ses mains, et aussi firent ses compagnons, et commencerent a frapper sur les bacinets et sur les chevaux, et tantost la place en fut delivrée, car nul ne vouloit volontiers veoir son coursier navrer ni mehaigner.”

the sincere respect and regard entertained by the people for their allies.

The hospitals were filled with our gallant countrymen, the distress of many of whom it was truly painful to witness. We passed near the pallet of a young man, who was leaning his head on his arm, evidently in great agony. Another was reduced to a state of the greatest debility, and seemed totally unconscious of what was passing around him. We had, however, the comfort to believe that everything was done to render the situation of the patients as comfortable as their sufferings would permit.

The citizens, both of Antwerp and Brussels, had been uniformly kind and compassionate; and even when the worst anticipations were abroad, never forgot their duties to their suffering defenders.

Some English friends, whom we met with in Brussels, had been resident during these days of peril, and described with horror the appearance of the waggon-loads of wounded men, who

were brought in rapid succession from the field. But the doors of the inhabitants were invariably opened with the utmost readiness, and all were received without discrimination.

The enthusiasm of the French prisoners who were brought into the town was unshaken, and their ferocity unsubdued. They shouted "Vive l'Empereur" at the point of death, and declared they would do the whole work over again—that Napoleon would be in the Chateau de Lac immediately, and Brussels pillaged and burnt in a few hours.

We listened with eagerness to the many anecdotes that were current respecting the events of the campaign, and the illustrious commander and his companions in arms.

Of these several were communicated by an officer of rank then in Brussels, and are detailed in Paul's eighth letter.

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to Waterloo—Position occupied by Picton—Farm of La Haye Sainte—Hougomont—French Position—La Belle Alliance—Relics—Appearance of the Field—John de Coster's Story—Wellington tree—Waterloo dinner at Melrose.

Aug. 9th.—We visited the field of Waterloo, accompanied by Captain Campbell, aide-de-camp to General Sir F. Adam, and Major Pryse Gordon, who then resided at Brussels. After a delightful drive through the beech forest of Soignè, we breakfasted in the Inn which had been the head-quarters of Wellington, on the 17th of June.

Thence we proceeded to Mount St. Jean, where we left our carriages. Scott was accommodated with a pony, and we were first conducted by our friends to the left of the British position, along the straggling hedge, which extends from the Charleroi road, near Mount St. Jean, towards the hamlet of Papelotte; and examined the ground which had been occupied by the troops of Sir Thomas Picton, Sir Dennis Packe, and Sir James Kempt.

Thence we crossed by the farm of La Haye Sainte towards the right of our position, where the brigade to which one of our companions was attached, had been stationed during the action; and thence descended to Hougomont.

After spending some time in the wood and garden of that most important and severely contested post, we walked along the French line towards La Belle Alliance, where we rested, and engaged Jean de Coster to attend us.

When in the farm-house, or *Hotel*, as it was now called, several weapons and ornaments, as

pistols, eagles, &c., belonging to the French soldiery, were brought to us for sale, and also a few cuirasses of coarse manufacture, one of which was perforated by a bullet. It was the back part of the armour ; and from the edges of the hole being turned outwards, it appeared that the shot must have penetrated the body of the unfortunate wearer. It is now at Abbotsford.

The extraordinary love of relics shewn by the English was a subject of no less satisfaction to the cottagers who dwelt near the field, than of ridicule to our military friends. One enthusiast had carried off a brick, another one of the doors of the house. Our own party did not pass over the field without following the example of our countrymen ; each of us, I believe, making his own little collection of curiosities. The ground was strewed so completely with shreds of cartridge paper, pieces of leather, and hats, letters, songs, memorandum books, &c., as to resemble,

in a great measure, the place where some vast fair had been held, and where several parties of gypsies had lighted fires at intervals, to cook their victuals. Several of these we picked up, as we walked along; and I still have in my repositories, a letter evidently drenched with rain, dated April 3rd., which, from the portion still legible, must have been sent from Yorkshire; and also a leaf of a jest book, entitled "The Care Killer."

At Hougomont I purchased a bullet of grape shot, with which the wood in front of it had been furiously assailed, as was evinced by the marks visible on every tree.

The time which had elapsed since the date of

* On this are recorded an interview between a *staunch veteran* and a manufacturer of Glasgow, and the exploits of some redoubted *Fluellen*, who insists on having "a sufficient store of leeks to put in hur Monmouth cap on St. Taffie's day, in memories and honours of her prafe Taffie, who in ploody pattle in Bangor, stick leek in hur cap, and cry—'Follow, prafe boys, and kill hur enemies.'"

the action had taken from the scene that degree of horror which it had recently presented ; but the vast number of little hillocks, which were scattered about in all directions,—in some places mounds of greater extent, especially near the chaussée above La Haye Sainte, and above all the desolate appearance of Hougomont, where too the smell of the charnel house tainted the air to a sickening degree, gave sufficient tokens of the fearful storm which had swept over this now tranquil rural district.

De Coster then accompanied us to the places which he described as having been the principal stations of Napoleon during the day : and when in the ravine, formed by the causeway between La Belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte, which he pointed out as the spot from which he gave orders for the last charge of the Imperial Guard, related to us his well known history of the events of the day, and the demeanour of the Emperor.*

* It occasioned at first no small degree of disappointment to

While listening to these details of the battle, Sir Walter remained seated on his pony near

discover from the statements which were published by Major Pryse Gordon, and others, respecting this De Coster, that a narrative, which at the time appeared curious and interesting, should have been given on authority so little worthy of consideration. The anecdotes of our guide *might* no doubt be in some respects *actually* correct, for he was "a sagacious Walloon," and likely to pick up the most probable intelligence; or like the ballad of Autolycus, they might be "*very* true," certainly, "but a month old." At all events we must now be content to receive them on no better evidence than that of a person who was "in a hiding place ten miles off, with a blacksmith, during the whole day."—Pryse Gordon's Mem. p. 325, vol. ii.

The Fleming's story was got up with much plausibility. He bore testimony to the coolness displayed by Napoleon—he described his manner.

"Il prenoit de tabac toujours toujours," said he; "comme ça," imitating the action;—"et il m'en donnoit aussi. Il regardoit fixement la bataille;" and frequently consulted his watch.

When from his station on the height near La Belle Alliance, he first discovered the Prussians, he hastened, as our guide informed us, to the place where we were then standing, and remained there until the fatal moment when he was assured of the ruin of his army, and exclaimed to Bertrand, "A present

the peasant, to whom, as well as to our other conductors, he put many questions, with keen anxiety. He then rode off by himself from the rest of the party, and remained a long time gazing on the field with an expression of deep attention.

How strong was the impression which this remarkable scene produced in his mind, is proved by the language in which he has himself recorded the feelings with which he contemplated it.

"To recollect," says he, "that within a short month, the man who had so long held the highest place in Europe, stood on the ground which I now occupied—that right opposite was placed the commander, whom the event of the day hailed 'Vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre,'—that

c'est fini—Sauvons nous." "When he saw," said De Coster, "that the guards were retreating in disorder, horse and foot, in one mass of confusion, *'il devenoit pale comme un mort,'* and said to his attendants, looking down and shaking his head, *'Ils sont mêlés ensemble.'*"

the landscape, now solitary and peaceful around me, presented so lately a scene of such horrid magnificence— to recollect all this, oppressed me with sensations which it is impossible to describe.”

We then proceeded to the farm of La Haye Sainte, and took our last view of the field from the celebrated tree, near which the Duke had so long been stationed with his attendants, and which had been so repeatedly struck by the enemy’s artillery.

In concluding these notices of our visit to the field, I cannot help mentioning one or two observations made by Sir Walter Scott many years after, when presiding at a public dinner, which for a considerable period was held annually at Melrose, in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo.

In alluding to the Duke of Wellington and his former services, particularly in the Peninsula, he observed :—

“ That in vain had the bravest and most

experienced officers of France endeavoured to oppose the advance of the British and their gallant commander. Marshal after marshal had been driven from the field, and now the time had arrived, when their redoubted chief himself was compelled to acknowledge him as his superior."

When referring to the action itself, his words, as nearly as I can remember, were the following:—

"Never was a battle more remarkable, both for the importance of its results, and for the fame and valour of the combatants. Never was the honor of the British name more bravely asserted, or the efforts of her arms crowned with a more glorious recompense. In speaking of this great contest we may justly say, in the language of Shakspeare—

"Oh! such a day—

So fought, so followed, and so fairly won—

Ne'er came till now to dignify the times,

Since Cæsar's fortunes."

In the evening we partook of the hospitality of Major Pryse Gordon, and set off the day after to Mons.

CHAPTER VIII.

“As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade.”

FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Mons—New Fortifications—Wellington’s first proclamation to the French—Routes of the armies—Soldier of the Rifles—Enter France at Quiverain—Valenciennes—Sign of the inn—Garrison of Condé—French peasant.

As Mons is situated on one of the great chaussées, by which Napoleon might have chosen to advance against the allies, and is the fortress next the frontier of France, the defences were repaired and materially strengthened during spring,* the chaussée it

* The fortresses of Ath, Ypres, and Tournay, were also put into a more efficient state of defence.

self cut, and intrenchments and field works constructed in the neighbourhood.*

* It is remarkable that the Duke of Wellington's first proclamation to the French people is dated from Malplaquet, near Mons, June 21st—where, in 1709, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, after a bloody contest, defeated Marshal Villars.

To some persons it may be a matter of curiosity to compare the three lines by which the French, Prussian, and British armies approached to Paris—they were the following :—

French Army.

The French retreated from Waterloo by the Charleroi road. At the point where the road divides into two branches, some of the fugitives retreated to Philippeville, others to Avesnes. At Noyers, Soult collected a few thousand men, without arms or baggage, with whom he retreated to Laon.

Grouchy and Vandamme, who commanded at Wavre, retreated to Namur, pursued by Thielman. The rearguard was entrusted to Vandamme, and Grouchy resumed his retreat. These two generals reached Rocroi and Laon with about 20,000 men. Thence they proceeded to Soissons.

Prussian Army.

Blucher crossed the Sambre on the 19th June, and entered France at Beaumont. On the 20th he was at Avesnes, and advanced to Laon. Thence he advanced towards Senlis, and on the

These fortifications had been planned by an officer of the engineers, with whom I was well

28th occupied Villars Coterets, La Ferte-Milon, and Crespy. The Prussian army was now between the French and Paris, and Grouchy and Soult attempted to break through the line by an attack on their centre, at Villars Coterets. Having failed in this, they made another attempt on the left of their opponents, and after a contest with Bulow, succeeded in effecting a passage across the Marne, and reached Paris by the Meaux chaussée.

Blucher having on the 30th taken the village of Aubrevilliers, crossed the Seine at St. Germain. He advanced to Meudon and St. Cloud, and after a contest the Prussian army was established at these points, with the reserve at Versailles.

Excelmans attacked and succeeded in gaining possession of Versailles, but was almost immediately obliged to relinquish the post to the superior force of the Prussians, who advanced to the village of Issy. The French, whose head quarters were at the Barrière d' Enfer, attacked the Prussians at Issy on the morning of the 3rd July, and were repulsed with loss.

British Army.

The British troops advanced, after a halt of two days, and entered the French territory at Bavay, on the 20th of June. The Duke's first proclamation is dated at Malplaquet, June 21st. On the 22nd his head quarters were at Cateau; on the 25th at Foucourt; on the 28th at Orville. Sir Charles Colville took Cambray on the 24th, and General Maitland entered Peronne on the 26th.

acquainted, and were the first military works which he had executed for the Duke. He afterwards assured me that he never felt more anxiety than on the morning appointed by his celebrated General for the inspection of his operations. After an attentive examination of the lines, during which little was said, it was no small relief to him to receive the brief but decided sentence of approval, on which so much depended.

While walking about the street, we met a private of the 95th, or rifle corps, who had been servant to Major M——. The regiment carries its ammunition in a sort of leather purse, which is strapped round the waist. This he took off, and showed us the marks of two shots which fortunately had struck him on this strong belt. The noise of the combat between the cuirassiers and

On the 29th and 30 the army crossed the Oise, and headquarters were at Louvres; on July 1st at Rochebourg, and the Bois de Bondy. On July 2nd and 4th, the head-quarters were at Gonesse. On July 6th, the allies occupied the barriers of Paris.

dragoons he compared to a number of tinkers "a-mending their pots and kettles."

On the 11th we left Mons at an early hour, entered the French territory at Quiverain, and breakfasted at Valenciennes.* This fortress had very recently been surrendered to the allies, but not to the Bourbons, and some doubts were entertained if we should be allowed to pass through the town. For these apprehensions, however, we were glad to find that there was no foundation, nor indeed was the examination of our passports at all more severe than elsewhere.

The sign of the inn where we stopped was "la Couronne *Royale*," which latter word had evidently been of very recent insertion. The space on the board was quite sufficient to contain the word *Imperiale*.

Between Valenciennes and Peronne, we met the disbanded garrison of Condé, who, as Sir

* The Governor of Valenciennes was General Rey, who commanded at St. Sebastian's, when it was taken by Sir Thomas Graham.

W. Scott says, certainly bore much resemblance to that class of persons who would have little scruple in saying "Stand to a true man." A more dissolute and ferocious-looking band of ruffians I never beheld than this specimen of the troops of Napoleon. The sort of leader of the party was a tall man, dressed in his regimental trowsers, with his jacket and a bundle suspended on a bludgeon, which he carried over his shoulders—graced, too, with a military stock, and a large shako. When we passed the troop, this worthy advanced a step or two, and called out "Vive le Roi," very loud, and growling out his additional "sacré," in a low but emphatic manner.

We were rather surprised to see this sentimental traveller embracing a brother campaigner in the French style—bestowing a salute on each cheek at parting with him, and other companions of equal merit, at a point where the road separates into two different routes.

Shortly after, a peasant came up to the carriage in great distress, whose patois and violence

of manner made it difficult to discover what he wished us to do for him. At length, however, by the aid of the postilion, we discovered that his horses had been taken by an English officer for the purpose of transporting part of the baggage. We helped him on his journey for a short distance, and were glad to learn, as he suddenly parted from us, and struck across the country, that some discovery had been made which was likely to lead to the recovery of his property.

CHAPTER IX.

“ In vengeance roused, the soldier fills his hand
With fire and sword, and ravages the land.”

ADDISON.

Peronne—State of the country—Discontent of the people—A Frenchman and two soldiers of the Allies—Roye—Account of Princess P. Borghese, given by the landlady—Walk on the ramparts—Drums and bugles of the English regiments—Singular figures in the market.

PERONNE, “la pucelle,” finely situated on the Somme, had surrendered to Major-general Maitland on the 26th of June, and when we passed on the 17th of August was full of Belgian troops.

The people complained sadly of the requisitions, and declared that the country could not supply the demands on it a month longer.

The neighbourhood of Peronne, is well-wooded and highly cultivated, though without hedges or enclosures of any kind, which, to an English eye, gives a character of bareness to the general appearance of the landscape. The plantations, although large and numerous, consist of unbroken masses, and their effect in clothing and beautifying the country is less than would be produced by a smaller number of trees dispersed over it at intervals, in groves and hedge-rows.

That we were now travelling through a land which had been recently visited with the calamities of war, was proved by a variety of indications, which could not be mistaken.

Many of the houses were either ruined or deserted. Every one wore a grave and melancholy aspect. The lightness and elasticity of the French character seemed entirely gone ; and from the abrupt answers we occasionally received, we considered it advisable to pass on our way

with as little interruption or conversation as possible.

When changing horses at a solitary post-house near Cambay, I ventured to put some query to a man standing near the door, respecting the postilion, and had addressed him with the words "*Mon ami.*" I was favoured with no verbal answer, and he merely pointed to the court-yard, where some stable-men were assembled. As I passed on I heard him say, "*Il m' appelle mon ami,*"—an epithet plainly the very last he had any wish to apply in return.

Sometimes the spleen and vexation of the people appeared in sufficiently ridiculous points of view. In passing a small town we observed an old Frenchman, seated on the step before his house door, as near the edge as possible, with his pipe in his mouth, and the most discontented visage imaginable—presenting the extreme corner of his shoulder to a couple of soldiers, one Hanoverian, and the other Dutch, who were talking away in great glee, and had, I conclude, been

introduced by the quarter-master as visitors to their unwilling entertainer. A draughtsman could not have resisted so favourable an opportunity of adding a sketch to his portfolio.

Our landlady at Roye may be instanced as an exception to these remarks, and was indeed almost the only gay, light-hearted Frenchwoman we had seen.

There was, probably, some feeling in favour of the Bourbons in this part of the country, which had mitigated the severity of the invaders, as neither here nor in the neighbourhood did the inhabitants complain of the treatment they had received so much as in many other places. Our hostess informed us that the Princess Pauline Borghese had been some time resident at Roye ; and described her Highness as being “une bonne pièce de cabinet,” a style of speaking which certainly did not evince much respect for the members of the Napoleon dynasty. At Cambray also, which Louis XVIII had entered on the 26th of June, after a slight

resistance to the troops of Sir Charles Colville, he was well received by the inhabitants. Triumphant arches were erected in the streets, and from Cateau Cambresis, where the King remained until the gates were opened for him, he was accompanied to the town by a number of the citizens, who went out to pay him homage.

The fortress of Roye is surrounded by a large ditch, and very high walls, quite in the old style of military architecture. In the evening we walked round the ramparts, from which there is a fine view of the surrounding country, and met with several officers of the Buffs, who were quartered in the town, and had just arrived from America, too late, as some of them expressed to us with regret, for the battle of Waterloo.

It is difficult to describe the singular feeling produced by our finding ourselves surrounded by English troops, in the centre of Picardy, and to hear, when seated at supper, the orders for the night sounded by the drums and bugles of our regiments.

There was a considerable market in the *Place* next day, where we were amused with the strange mixture of dresses of the motley groups present.

We had become pretty well used to the singular caps, dressing-gowns, and jackets exhibited in the various towns through which we had passed—coats of a fashion that had been in vogue fifty years ago, and of colours which we had not been at all accustomed to. This morning, however, an old little gentleman came forth more remarkably attired than usual. His antique, single-breasted coat was of a pale colour, and the buckles of his shoes of an immense size; a long cane was in his hand, and on his head a cocked hat, of such vast dimensions, as at once to strike our attention, as forming the principal feature in the outline. Scott declared that the owner had evidently been brought into the world for the very purpose of wearing this identical cocked hat, and no doubt the great additional importance which his spare

and insignificant figure received from this magnificent appendage, went far to justify the remark.

It was, I think, in the course of this day, that Sir Walter looked over some ballads which had been found on the field of Waterloo, and presented to him by Mrs. Pryse Gordon.—“I’ll translate one,” said he, “pour m’ amuser.”

These verses, it was afterwards discovered, were composed by the Duchesse de St Leu. *

* See Paul’s Letters.—Let. ix.

CHAPTER X.

A Regiment of English Dragoons—Marks of Devastation on the Prussian line of March—Complaints of the People not confined to the Allied troops—Pont St. Maxence—Battle near Senlis—Take a cross-road to Chantilly—Bad State of the Road—Stables of Chantilly full of Prussians—"L' aimable Prussien"—Caricatures of the English—Park of Chantilly.

ON the 13th of August, we travelled for a short time in company with a detachment of the 3rd dragoon guards, with some of whom we conversed in passing. We were amused with "a good bluff quarter-master,"* who, as Sir Walter observes, "complained of the discomforts his regiment had experienced, owing to

* Paul's Letters, Let. 11th.

the miserable condition to which the country had been reduced by the Prussians.”

It was clear from the tone of his expressions, that his complaint was directed against his predecessors, not so much for having indulged in plundering the French, as for having left nothing to their faithful allies, who were to follow. “Pillaged everything, sir, in the most shameful manner—nothing left for *us*.”

The line of march of the Prussians was distinctly marked by the devastation they had committed. Many of the houses were shut up, and others either burned or pillaged. The country was indeed almost entirely deserted by the inhabitants, and only a few “*pauvres misérables*” were to be met with.

The tone in which the single expression “*Les Prussiens*,” was uttered, explained the whole in the most emphatic manner.

The distress necessarily occasioned by the passage of troops, even although conducted with the careful discipline of the English regi-

ments, was apparent on every side. In one field a few straggling horses were to be seen, enjoying themselves among the standing grain. Elsewhere, a cart laden with corn was proceeding to head quarters under a military escort ; or some unfortunate peasants were engaged in executing the orders issued by their own authorities for a requisition.

The complaints of the people, however, were by no means confined to the proceedings of the allied troops. We had, indeed, every reason to believe that the exactions of the French soldiery had been fully as severe as those of their enemies—if not more so.

At Pont St. Maxence, we observed many traces of a recent conflict, which had taken place between the French and the Prussians : one of the arches of the bridge over the Oise itself had been destroyed, in order to arrest the progress of the enemy, and was replaced by a few planks. The country in the neighbourhood is very beautiful, and as we were afterwards in-

formed by an officer, so strong in a military point of view, that it was supposed likely to have been selected as a point where some serious opposition would have been made to the advance of the allies.

We were advised by our postilions at St. Maxence, to diverge from the usual route to Paris, by Senlis, which, they informed us, had suffered severely, in consequence of an action between the troops of Blucher and Grouchy; and as we had always found these persons alert and civil, we had no scruple in agreeing to their proposal of taking a cross road to Chantilly.

This "beau chemin par terre," however, which lay through a great forest near the town, became at length so abominable, owing, as we understood, to the number of cavalry and baggage waggons which had recently passed in this direction, that we very soon came to a halt, and were obliged to jump out of our caleche, and give aid in lifting it out of the mud, into which the forewheel had sunk to the axle-tree.

We were in the midst of one of the long narrow ridings which intersect the wood in various directions ; and began to think our prospects for the night rather indifferent. One or two solitary figures were also to be seen crossing the road here and there at a distance, and we were not without suspicions that a plan might have been laid to procure from us some little indemnification for the damage so recently inflicted on the district, by our countrymen and their friends.

The postilions, however, continued to kick furiously with their jack boots, crack their whips, and jabber to their horses ; and notwithstanding the ominous creaks of the wheels and springs, and the pitching motion of the carriage over our turf road, we arrived in safety at the Hotel de Bourbon Condé.

We had eventually no reason to regret having followed the advice of our guides. Our quarters at Chantilly we found extremely comfortable, and we spent an agreeable evening in

wandering about the park and the remains of the palace, which had escaped from the fury of the Revolutionists. I well recollect the expressive shrugs of the Frenchman, described by Sir W. Scott,* who accompanied us to the stables and chateau, as we passed a number of Prussian soldiers, who were lounging about, and taking every opportunity to shew their contempt for the country and its inhabitants. It evidently seemed to afford the old man no small comfort to meet with some one to whom he might give vent to his indignation at the domineering insolence of these northern "Barbares."

Among the sketches of "Les Troupes Etrangères," then common in Paris, none was more popular than "L'aimable Prussien," by Finart.

The sanguine expression of countenance of the youth who is paying his devoirs to the Elegante of the Boulevards, the waist compressed to the utmost degree of tightness, (whence the appella-

* Paul's Letters, Letter XI.

tion of "Vespes," so willingly bestowed by the Parisians, his florid complexion, and huge light-coloured mustachios, are pourtrayed with much spirit and accuracy, and could not fail at once to remind us of the heroes we saw at Chantilly.

I may add that it impossible to conceive a greater contrast from the above, than the figures of the English officers, which abounded in the print shops. Here there was no military swagger or foppishness—on the contrary, our countrymen, as represented by the artists of Paris, were the most gauche and awkward cubs imaginable. Above all there was no tightness of waist; especial care was taken that perfect room "and verge enough," should be allowed for that amplitude of person which was supposed to characterize the English soldier; a small conical shaped cap also was perched on the head of the warrior, and his pantaloons were invariably put on in the most slovenly manner possible.

Our Inn at Chantilly* was already a favorite

* The forest of Chantilly contains above 7,000 acres. From

resort of the British, as appeared from the cards of the house, which were printed in English as well as French. This we found a common practice in Paris, as will appear from some singular attempts at translation which were afterwards presented to our notice.

We took care to secure our rooms against the intrusion of our frolicksome northern friends, and proceeded next day to the capital.

an open space in its centre, called "La table ronde," twelve roads diverge in several directions to the circumference. The park at Oakley in Gloucestershire, Mr. Dallaway observes, was planted by Allen Lord Bathurst, in imitation of Chantilly.

CHAPTER XI.

Je crois voir à la fois Athenes et Sybaris
Transportés dans le murs embellis par la Seine, -
Un peuple aimable et vain, que son plaisir entraîne,
Impetueux, leger, et surtout inconstant,
Qui vole au moindre bruit, et qui tourne à tout vent :
Y juge les guerriers, les ministres et les Princes,
Rit des calamités dont pleurent les provinces."

VOLTAIRE.

Intrenchments at Montmartre—St. Denis—First view of Paris
—Hotel de Bourbon—Visit to the Louvre—Place Vendôme
—Thuileries—Triumphal arch of the Carousel—Mortification of the French—Hall of Sculpture—Effect of first view
—Salles des Fleuves—Picture gallery—Transfiguration—

Restorations of the French Artists—Very's—Opera Comique—Jean de Paris—Palais Royal—La Deesse des Mille Colonnes.

WHEN the French Chambers resolved towards the end of June to attempt the defence of Paris, the inhabitants exerted themselves with the utmost zeal and alacrity in fortifying the heights of Montmartre.

These works, which they fondly imagined to the very last would be sufficient to repel any attack on the city, were now become one of the principal strongholds of their enemies; and when we passed, were occupied by a large encampment of English troops.

Through the tents we had a view of the domes of St. Genevieve and the Invalides; and when we reached the crest of the hill, the coup-d'œil of the city which opened upon us was truly magnificent.

On our arrival at the Hotel de Bourbon,* in

* On the card of the Hotel, alongside the French advertise-

the Rue de la Paix, formerly la Rue de l'Empereur, we met a friend who had been a short time resident in Paris, and who advised us to lose no time in paying a visit to the Gallery of

ment, was printed the following singular translation for the behoof of English visitors :—

“Great Hotel of Bourbon,

“Furnished

“Peace's Street, No. 22.

“That Hôtel, in a wholesome air, offers great and little appartements, quite complets, and lays near the Boulevards, in the middle of the public walks, affairs and playhouses.

“To be found also there great yard, stables, and coach-house.”

I may add the circular of M. Delaistre, restaurateur, who had an establishment at no great distance in the Rue de Rivoli.

He “Informs the public that several changings having been made on his establishment, he is able to receive particular societies, and furnish repasts to bodies of officers; he also serves for so much a dish, or so much a head.”

the Louvre. The Prussian government, as he informed us, had already begun to carry into effect the stipulations which had been made for the restitution of their works of art; and it was believed that Holland and Belgium would also before long succeed in making good their claims for the valuable share of plunder to which they were entitled.

Canova, too, was in Paris; and it was supposed that the evasive answers of the French government would not long prove of much avail in preventing the restoration of the principal gems of the Museum to Austria, and the States of the Church.

Before this odious "paying back" commenced, therefore, we made all haste to visit these treasures, and proceeded immediately to the Louvre.

On our way to the gallery, we passed through the Place Vendôme, and the garden of the Thuilleries, to the Place Carousel; I need, therefore, hardly say that our impression of the

beauty and magnificence of Paris was in the highest degree favourable. The spaciousness of the streets, and the intermixture of pleasure-ground and trees with the stately buildings of the palace, give to this quarter of the capital an air both of cheerfulness and grandeur, of which, perhaps, no other city presents so striking an example.

In passing the triumphal arch, in the Place Carousel, we observed that measures had already been taken by the Allies to remove the records of the triumphs of the French in Germany, over their less fortunate predecessors. On the arch were several bas-reliefs, in which were represented the battle of Austerlitz, and the meeting of the Emperor of Austria with the French General after that fatal defeat, at a mill near the village of Nasedlowitz,—a most mortifying subject, and by no means softened in the design of the artist; also the capitulation of Ulm, and other events no less galling to the feelings of the Austrians. These were to be replaced by plain slabs of marble—a proceeding

which, from the conspicuous situation of the building, and the publicity of the preparations necessary for the exchange, must have been peculiarly mortifying to the Parisians.*

The removal of the Venetian horses from the summit of the arch, which took place about a month afterwards, produced, perhaps, a stronger feeling of humiliation than any single act of retributive justice on the part of the conquerors.

We first visited the Halls of Sculpture, where we observed few symptoms of preparation for the removal of the statues.

* The following description of those sculptures is taken from an article in the Rhenish Mercury, in which retaliation is sternly demanded for the injuries inflicted by the French on the States of Germany.

“On one side appears the Emperor Francis, imploring peace from the proud conqueror. The Emperor is yet standing; but the bent knees behind him, and the hands of his attendants raised in supplication, sufficiently indicate the meaning of the Corsican. On the opposite side, Rapp, in a haughty posture, is presenting to his lord and master the Russians taken at Austerlitz. On the left, Mack, *after the capitulation of Ulm*, is paying his first visit to the conqueror.”

The view of so many great works of art was at first rather bewildering. It appeared to us, also, that the effect of the marbles was decidedly injured by their being greatly too much crowded together; and although we could not agree with Mr. Eustace in the very unfavourable description he has given of the apartments of the Louvre, several of them we did not consider either well-proportioned, or, from the mode in which they were lighted, well calculated to display to advantage the treasures they contained. *

The Venus de Medicis, in particular, we thought much too familiarly intruded on by the inferior divinities by whom she was surrounded.

The Apollo Belvedere, on the contrary, was placed at the end of a spacious saloon, and appeared to great advantage. †

* "The French," says he, "dragging these works from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris, and consigned them to the dull halls, or rather stables, of the Louvre."

† The following inscription was engraved on the pedestal by Buonaparte, when First Consul :—

"La statue d'Apollon qui s'élève sur ce piedestal trouvé à Antium sur la fin du XV^{me} siècle, placée au Vatican par Jules

The Salle des Fleuves we thought one of the finest of the apartments. It is ornamented with columns, and contains several magnificent vases and urns, which were judiciously intermingled with the statues, and had a very good effect. The walls were lined with grey marble, which formed an excellent back-ground for the sculptures.

These also were not so numerous as to prevent the spectator from having sufficient space and leisure to examine and enjoy the beauties of each.

We then ascended the fine staircase designed by Fontaine, which leads to the picture-gallery.

We paid a short visit to the first apartment, in which are contained the early productions of the art; and proceeded along the great gallery, like true epicures, to the farther extremity, where the glories of the Italian school were deposited.

II, au commencement du XVI^{me}, conquise l'an V de la république par l'armée d'Italie, sous les ordres du General Buonaparte, a été fixée ici le 21 Germinal, au VIII, première année de son consulat.'

We did not attempt more, at our first visit, than to note a few of the principal works which were pointed out as most worthy of observation, or which struck ourselves as most distinguished for excellence.

In my note-book I find that the following were the pictures selected for our first inspection. I take them in the order we noticed them in walking along the gallery, which was divided into three compartments, containing the French, Dutch, and Italian schools.

The Deluge, by N. Poussin.

The charitable occupations of St. Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew III, King of Hungary, and spouse of Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia; a striking, though disagreeable picture, by Murillo.

Cardinal Bentivoglio, Vandyke.

Descent from the Cross, Rubens.

Titian's Mistress.

Guido's Fortune.

The Pietro Martire of Titian.

The Communion of Saint Jerome, Domenichino.

Marriage of Saint Catherine, Correggio.

Transfiguration, and Portrait of Leo the Tenth, Raphael.

Mona Lisa, Leonardo da Vinci.

If I may venture to speak more particularly regarding the comparative merits of those splendid chefs-d'œuvre, I may add that those with which I was most struck, were Rubens' Descent from the Cross, the Portrait of Benvoglio, Titian's Mistress, and the Pietro Martire.

"The figure of Christ, in the first of these," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is one of the finest ever invented. The hanging of the head on the shoulder, and the falling of the body on one side, give such an appearance of the heaviness of death, that nothing can exceed it." The female figures, also, in this picture, possess much more grace and beauty of expression than is commonly found in the works of Rubens.

The Transfiguration at first disappointed me. The figure of our Saviour appeared small, and not remarkable for expression. The attention is distracted, in consequence of the subject of the picture being divided into two parts, between which (speaking of the work as a painting merely) there is no very material connexion.

In the group of figures in the under part, every countenance and figure is in the highest degree animated. Eagerness, doubt, conviction—the convulsive expression of the possessed boy, whom his father supports, are depicted with astonishing power.

This picture had been in some degree injured by the presumptuous attempts of the French artists, at what they called “restoration.”

These pretenders, whose taste, it seems, was shocked with the “froideurs de Raphael,” as they were termed, had the temerity to set about correcting these supposed deficiencies, not only by improper cleaning, but by painting over several parts which they imagined not sufficiently effective in point of colouring.

Of all their proceedings, however, perhaps the most extraordinary was their treatment of the *Pietro Martire* of Titian, the panel of which was planed away, in order to transfer it to canvass. The injury occasioned, though considerable, was fortunately not so extensive as might have been expected from so hazardous an experiment.

We dined at Very's, in the delightful saloon at the entrance from the Rue de Rivoli to the garden of the Thuilleries, and afterwards (as is the fashion of all good Parisians) went to the "spectacle."

The theatre we selected was the Opera Comique, where we found a brilliant audience assembled, and were well amused with the favourite piece of "*Jean de Paris*."*

The allusions to "*le fils de Philippe de Valois, l'heritier presomptif de la couronne de France*," were enthusiastically cheered. Several of the songs of this opera were among the most popular of the day, particularly the duet,

* Paroles de M. St. Just ; musique de M. Boillean.

“ Rester à sa gloire fidèle,
Des dames cherir les attraits,
Voilà, voilà, ce qui s' appelle,
Agir en chevalier Français.”

Also the well-known troubadour song and
chorus :—

“ Le troubadour,
Fier de son esclavage,
En ce séjour
Vient pour te rendre hommage ;
Né pour l'amour
Il te sera fidèle ;
Allons, ma belle,
Paie à son tour
D'un peu d' amour
Le troubadour.”

And also the air sung by Jean himself.

“ Tout à l'amour, tout à l'honneur,
D'un vrai Français c'est la devise.
* * *
Je suis Français, (*great applause*)
J'ai pour devise
Tout à l'amour, tout à l'honneur.”

The acting was extremely spirited, and compensated for the indifference of the singing, a department of the theatrical exhibitions of Paris which is, in general, so much found fault with. The pieces performed at this house, however, for the most part contained several very pleasing and popular ballads, and national airs, which accorded well with the character of the drama, and on the whole, gave a more favourable idea of the music of the country, than the more elaborate operas of the Academie Royale de Musique.

We proceeded, "en regle," to the Palais Royal, "the capital of Paris," as it has been called, which was crammed with people of all ranks, and all countries; and in the midst of the throng we observed, every now and then, a file of National Guards, completely armed, who faithfully accompanied this gay assemblage in their rounds of the Piazza.

We concluded this busy day with a visit to

the "Café des Mille Colonnes," where we of course paid our devoirs to the celebrated Deesse, seated on her burnished throne, and gracefully doing the honours of the establishment. She was gorgeously attired, and was busily engaged in reading Florian—not, however, so busily as to prevent her from attending to every order that was given, making sure that the wishes of the guests were properly complied with, and also that the cash due on each of her tiny bills was punctually deposited in her golden urn, either by the garcon in attendance, or by the fortunate individual himself who should have courage to approach the chair of state, and succeed in attracting her notice for a few minutes.

CHAPTER XII.

Duke of Wellington's Hotel—Scotch Sentry—Fête of St. Louis at Notre Dame—Gardes de Corps du Roi—High Mass—Sainte Chapelle.

August the 15th. I called at the Hotel de la Reyniere, in the Rue des Champs Elysées, which had been selected for the Duke of Wellington, to learn the address of a military friend. At the gate were two soldiers belonging to a Scotch regiment.

On informing them of the object of my visit, one of them said to me, "Ou, sir, ye'll see the office, if ye just gang into the coort, and turn to yere left haund."

It may be imagined, that to find myself addressed in the language of my own country, at the gate of the Duke of Wellington's hotel, in the city of Paris, appeared, indeed, a most singular event. I thanked the sentinel in his own dialect, and quickly obtained the information required.

I then proceeded to Notre Dame, where high mass was to be celebrated in presence of the Royal family, it being the festival of St. Louis. On reaching the Cathedral, I found it surrounded by numbers of military, and an additional number of cannon placed on the bridges leading to the "Isle de la Cité."

The 15th of August happened also to be the birth-day of Napoleon, and it may have been thought necessary to take precautions against any chance of riot, which might have been occasioned by that recollection. The mob, however, though extremely dense, did not shew any symptoms of discontent or insubordination.

A double line of grenadiers was stationed from the great west door to the high altar. The Gardes de Corps du Roi were dispersed in different parts of the Church.

This body of men consisted of the adherents of King Louis, whose fidelity had been proved by their accompanying him to Ghent, and formed a remarkably fine-looking regiment. Their uniform of blue and red, richly laced with silver, was such as became the guards of the Royal person, and they were at all times civil and attentive to their duty. On approaching the door of the side gallery, near which one of them happened to be stationed, I was desired by him to produce my ticket of admission. I replied that I was not aware that any ticket was required, and added as an excuse that I was a stranger in Paris, and an Englishman.

“Attendez un moment,” said he ; and after a short conference with his superior officer, good-humouredly allowed me to pass on.

The Dukes of Angoulême and Berri soon after arrived, attended by General Maison, the governor of Paris, and several of the judges, and a large cortège.

On advancing to the part of the gallery near the altar, I observed the King of Prussia and his sons in the front seat; his Majesty as usual in a very plain costume.

The band was placed in the aisle next the altar, and after an introductory symphony, mass was performed by the Archbishop and dignitaries of the Cathedral.

In order to deepen the tone of the bass, several of the choristers were furnished with serpents, with which they uttered an occasional groan. The ceremony was conducted with great magnificence; but, to my Protestant ideas at least, the effect did not seem either very solemn or impressive. Adjoining to the Palais de Justice, in the Isle de Cité, is a very beautiful building, called "La Sainte Chapelle." It was erected in the 13th century, by the Royal Saint whose festival I

had seen celebrated ; and the expense of the relics it was intended to preserve, and that of the chapel itself, is said to have amounted to a sum equivalent to nearly three millions of francs. It is divided into two parts, the lower and upper chapels ; and has always been esteemed by architects as a very fine specimen of pointed architecture. The painted glass of the windows is peculiarly brilliant. The building was fortunately saved from destruction during the revolution, from having been used as a depôt for the archives of the Court of Justice.

CHAPTER XIII.

Visit to an Officer—Hotel of the Marquis — ;—Boulevards—
Political Mendicants—Prussians in the Cafés—King of
Prussia's Birth-day—Caricatures—Brochures—Epigrams—
Ney's Letter.

August —. I called on Colonel —, who
was quartered in the Hotel of the Marquis —.

The mansion was spacious, and the saloons
well proportioned, opening into a beautiful
garden, and elegantly though plainly furnished.

The good taste of the proprietor seemed to
have rejected the quantity of gilding and osten-
tationous splendour which had been of late years
so fashionable in Paris. On the chimney-pieces

were some bas-reliefs which did much credit to the artists of the capital.

The Marquis was out of town, and had done every thing in his power to promote the comfort of my friend while in his hotel. The key of the cellar was at his command, had he chosen to accept of it, and he more than once visited him with offers of his best services.

When we compared Colonel —— with some of the militaires who frequented the Cafés and Theatres, how fortunate did the owner appear in having him as an inmate.

* * * *

When I returned from my visit in the afternoon, the Boulevards were crowded with company, especially the Boulevard Italien. The sellers of lemonade, with their castellated turrets on their backs filled with that popular beverage, were, owing to the oppressive heat of the weather, in the greatest request. Monsieur Polichinel was under one of the trees

actively engaged in drubbing one of his friends, who exclaimed, "Ah! c'est un mauvais coup!" The hero's reply, "Voila encore un autre," was received with shouts of applause.

Two females dressed in deep mourning, with their faces closely veiled, and gliding about with the utmost quietude and modesty of demeanour, attracted numbers of followers. These interesting creatures every now and then delighted their audience with a pathetic duett, sung in the low tremulous tone of voice of persons who were in utmost distress and agitation, and ashamed to be obliged to appeal in this humiliating way to the charity of the public.

Although the trick had been often repeated, there were still to be found abundance of listeners, and a few persons disposed to bestow a sous on these impostors, as they made their rounds with "whispering humbleness," at the conclusion of their song.

Among the foreigners to be met with at every town, we quickly recognized the comrades of the gay and gallant Prussians whom we had seen at Chantilly. They were constantly swaggering about on the Boulevards, evidently quite intoxicated with success, and determined to lose no opportunity of taking ample revenge for the injuries which had been inflicted on their country by their now fallen enemies.

They lived in the cafés, theatres and gaming houses, where it was truly said they repaid to the city of Paris a large portion of the damage they had inflicted on the French territory.

The first day we dined at Beauvilliers' in the Palais Royal, we were amused with the stately manner in which an immense grenadier of the Prussian guards stalked up the room, to a table where his companion in-arms was in waiting for him, with his bottles of Burgundy

and Champagne on each flank, in silver ice-pails. Their joy at meeting was boundless, and they embraced in the most affectionate manner, brushing each other's tanned visage with their huge shaggy mustachios.

I was afterwards informed by an officer, that when orders were given for the celebration of the King of Prussia's birth-day in the beginning of August, it was proposed to proceed exactly as the French had done when the birth-day of Napoleon was observed in Prussia.

The proclamation issued on that occasion, when many heavy requisitions were demanded, was to be copied word for word, merely inserting for Napoleon Emperor of the French, William King of Prussia.

I know not, however, if this scheme of retaliation was carried into effect.

* * * * *

We were surprised with the number of

caricatures of Buonaparte and his friends, which were exhibited in the printshops of the Boulevards and Palais Royal; and in this respect we understood that a great difference was observable from the feeling evinced by the public in 1814, when there seemed no disposition to insult him in his adversity.

Many ballads, too, were to be heard in the streets, in which the Emperor was held up to absolute ridicule; and several hints thrown out against his personal courage.

In one sketch, he is represented as firing a small cannon in a very cautious manner, while the boys of the *École Militaire* call out "Gare," and seemed to warn him against the dangers of so formidable an explosion.

In another, called, "*Entrée triomphante de Buonaparte dans son nouveau royaume,*" he appears mounted on the back of a cat, immediately after his arrival in St. Helena, the inhabitants of which, represented as so many

rats, take to flight in alarm. In vain he declares them "peuple libre," and adds, "Je vous donne pour garantie ce serviteur fidèle (viz. the cat) que j'ai avec moi." The council give peremptory orders to the sentinels to fire on the intruders.

He was also depicted as receiving instructions in deportment from Talma, who of course finds him a most intractable and awkward pupil.

Cambaceres, too, was a favourite subject; and his likeness was said to be very accurately taken in "le Serment des Voraces," a parody on David's picture of "Le Serment des Horaces."

The three starved and greedy Voraces, attired as chasseurs, to whom he holds up three silver forks, making them vow to bring home a large supply of game, are, however, in the overcharged state of French caricature, which from its extravagance fails to produce much effect.

One would suppose that the wit, gaiety, and satirical turn of the French ought to render their caricatures superior to those of any other nation: but on the contrary, their attempts in this way are very frequently mere grotesques, with very little point, and decidedly inferior to those of the London print-shops. This indeed, is admitted by the Parisians themselves; and with the usual dexterity of the people, the excuse assigned for the greater excellence of our countrymen is, it seems, our extremely coarse taste in the arts, which renders us insensible to any contradictions of propriety and sense, and allows the “Imagination vagabonde” of the English draughtsman to run riot without restraint, and give being to all descriptions of monsters. It is even asserted that the French are too *aimable* and good-hearted a nation to excel in a talent which may give pain to individuals.

The best sketches were those in which the costumes of different countries were introduced, and the barbarous taste of the wearers shewn

by its marked inferiority to the Parisian standard.

The Englishman and his wife in Paris, "La promenade Anglaise," by C. Vernet—in which full effect was given to the long loose gaiters, long waistcoats, and narrow-brimmed hats, then in fashion; as also to the long tight waists of the ladies, and their small bonnets, with the veil hanging down on one side like a flag in a rainy day half-mast high—was exceedingly clever.

The Highland soldiers in a windy day,* and the interview between the Cossacks and the Poissardes in the market, give very exact and lively pictures of these rather barbarous, yet seemingly not unpleasing admirers of Parisian beauty.

* The dress of the Highlanders struck the fancy of the Parisians so much, that soon after their appearance in Paris, Leroi, the well-known marchand des modes, produced a costume for the opera, consisting of a tartan petticoat and stockings, a red body, and black hat with red feathers.

There were pamphlets (brochures) in every bookseller's, on the late campaign, and political events of the day—many books of epigrams, vaudevilles, &c., in which Napoleon, Ney, and Grouchy, were each in their turn attacked with much severity.

“Le terme d'un regne et le regne d'un terme,” was one of those ephemeral productions which had considerable vogue.

In this a history of Napoleon during the 100 days, is given in a series of epigrams. On his arrival from Elba, he is greeted with the following chorus :—

“Vive, vive Napoleon !
V'la le monarque
Qui s'embarque,
Vive, vive Napoleon !—
Gare la conscription !”

A warning which is several times repeated. After a loyal tirade to “Notre bon Roi,” followed by an allusion to a certain “Odeur des

Violettes," that prevails in Paris, and which the writer asserts the soldiers had mistaken for laurels, Buonaparte's return from Waterloo is thus noticed :

La d'ssus, sans chapeau, sans épée,
 L'air effaré, les yeux hagards,
 Pour couronner son équipée,
 L'v'la qui fuit l'roi des Cesar's.
 C'est qu'il vole de manière
 Que l'vent reste en arrière,
 Il a tant fait déjà
 Ce métier la !

Fondant comme une figure de cire,
 Il arrive à la ville de Laon,
 Et dit en soufflant
 A son commandant,
 " Ici par hazard
 S'il passe quelq' fuyard,
 Il faut l'epier,
 Le faire prisonnier,
 Et sans quartier
 Le fusiller."
 Oui, Sire," (*bis*)
 " Mais vous êtes le premier."

Then comes the following account of his retreat from Waterloo, and arrival at Paris.

“ J’arrive
 Ou plutôt je m’esquive
 D’la bataille de Mont St. Jean.
 L’armée (*bis*)
 D’ardeur enflammée
 N’pouvait pas retenir son elan,
 Mais un terreur panique l’entraîne ;
 Ell’ se fait tuer en moins de rien,
 Et j’viens pour calmer votre peine,
 Vous dire (*bis*) que je me porte bien.”

The whole concludes with these verses—

Vive, Vive Napoleon !
 V’la le monarque
 Qui s’rembarque.
 Vive, Vive Napoleon !
 Premier et dernier de son nom !”

There were several memoirs of Napoleon got up for the occasion, in general secret ones, and professing to give anecdotes never previously known ; particularly “ Les Mémoires Secrets sur Napoleon, écrits par un homme qui ne l’a pas

quitté depuis quinze ans," the author of which had previously published the "Precis Historique," a work which had gone through six editions.

Ney's letter to the Duke of Otranto, in defence of his conduct during the campaign, was in everybody's hands.

CHAPTER XIV.

Theatre Français—Menecmes—Tartuffe—Mars—Fleury—Visit
to M. Chevalier—St. Genevieve—Pantheon—View of Paris
—Tombs—Epitaph on Soufflot, by himself.

A FEW evenings after our arrival, I went to see the Menecmes of Regnard, performed at the Theatre Français. Comedy is always entertaining in France, and the piece received all justice from the company. It did not, however, seem to be popular, as the house was very poorly attended.

On a subsequent occasion I was present at the representation of "Le Tartuffe," to which I always look back with the greatest pleasure, as one of the most delightful theatrical exhibitions I ever witnessed. The fascinating Mars looked beautiful, and performed Elmire with that grace and ability for which she was so eminently distinguished. Afterwards, however, I saw her in parts which appeared to me better-calculated to shew her talents to advantage.

Fleury, the chief comic actor of the day, was very effective in the character of Tartuffe, although I confess it seemed to me that his hypocrisy was often too barefaced to have imposed even on Orgon or Madame Pernelle. The part of Dorine was admirably played. The archness and cleverness of the French suivante was delightfully pourtrayed, and the performance was free from the slightest tinge of coarseness or vulgarity.

This, however, is an excellence for which a

French actress has less claim for commendation than the females of other countries. In the manners of the women of the middle ranks in France there is in general a degree of propriety, and even of elegance, which is to be met with in no other nation.

August —. Sir W. Scott was introduced to the Duke of Wellington, at an early hour, by Sir John Malcolm; and afterwards accompanied me on a visit to M. Chevalier, Librarian of St. Genevieve,* to whom we had a letter of introduc-

* Monsieur C. is Author of the "Tableau de la plaine de Troye, accompagné d'une carte levée geometriquement en 1785," which was published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in 1794. Sir W. Gell, in his "Topography of Troy," frequently alludes to the opinions of M. Chevalier with respect to the situation of Troy, of the tomb of Achilles, and other points of controversy; and for the most part expresses his assent to his conclusions.

M. Chevalier mentions a singular instance of the prejudices of the people. M. Cazas had accompanied him as a draughtsman, and it appears that his proceedings were looked upon by the Emirs with very considerable suspicion. The introduction of figures in his sketches gave such peculiar offence, that he

tion. M. Chevalier received us with the greatest kindness and cordiality. He was, as usual, extremely busy with the duties of his situation, as Librarian and Astronomer, and was, in fact, engaged in taking an observation when we arrived. His good humour and attention to the British, rendered his circle of acquaintance with our countrymen a large one ; and he had the day before received a visit from a party of them, who he said were the most agreeable persons in the world, “ *mais qui avoient derangé toutes ses petites affaires. Il ne pouvoit rien trouver.*” At length, however, he succeeded in finding a set of astronomical tables he was in search of, and after many calculations, and a few less philosophical ejaculations, muttered rapidly in French, he showed us, with much delight, Venus herself, through a small telescope of Dollond’s.

This favourite instrument he kept in his room,

omitted them entirely, in order to be allowed to continue his task. They declared that he would assuredly be accountable to God for the creatures generated by his pencil.

and as he informed us, preferred it to many larger ones. He then walked with us to the Library, a very noble apartment, 230 feet in length, and ornamented with busts placed along the walls. At a table were seated numbers of persons engaged in study, and attendants were in readiness to deliver to the visitors any books required. We were next conducted to the observatory, from which the view of Paris is peculiarly magnificent.

The building is a small square tower, with windows on each side; and as the shutters were closed when we entered, we had the advantage of seeing each of the four views opened to us in succession, which, of course, materially tended to increase the effect of this splendid panorama. The sky was without a cloud, and the total absence of smoke could not fail to strike an inhabitant of the dark and heavy atmosphere which broods over towns in Britain. There seemed, in consequence, to be a character of stillness imparted to the scene, which appeared,

at first sight, singularly at variance with the actual bustle and gaiety which, at that moment, pervaded every part of the city.

From this observatory, M. Chevalier had distinctly seen the conflicts which took place at Montmartre and Belleville, previous to the entry of the allied forces in the spring of 1814.

Every moment, as he informed us, he expected the town to have been on fire, and expressed his surprise that the enemy should have been so imprudent as to make their attack at the very points where they could most effectually be opposed.

The preparations of the preceding June had, of course, renewed these alarms for the safety of the metropolis ; although, as he declared to us, he always comforted himself, at the very worst, with the idea that the Duke of Wellington was too able a tactician to incur a risk so unnecessary, when he had it in his power to make his approaches against the city at many other points which were left entirely unguarded.

The movement of Blucher, on the last day of June, to the other side of the Seine, put an end to these alarming anticipations, and proved that M. Chevalier had justly calculated on the superior talents of the leaders in 1815, when compared with those of their predecessors.

From the library of St. Genevieve, we went to the Pantheon, founded in 1764, by Louis XV., at the suggestion of Madame de Pompadour, and which it was proposed, during the revolution, to appropriate as a cemetery for illustrious characters.

Among the tombs which first attracted our attention, were those of Voltaire and Rousseau—not certainly on account of their magnificence, as they were of wood, on which a coat of oil paint had been bestowed, with the vain intention of giving them some resemblance to marble. On the frieze of the portico of the building, was the inscription, in large letters—“ Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnoissante,” an expression which contrasted strangely with the miserable

monuments which we had just seen. As a sort of atonement, no doubt, for their poverty, we observed in the crypt a handsome statue of Voltaire, which we were informed it was intended to place in the church.

I do not recollect having noticed any effigy of Rousseau. On his sarcophagus was a bas relief, representing a hand bearing a torch, which appeared as if coming through an aperture in front of it. We ascended to the top of the cupola, which is the loftiest building in Paris, and again admired the extensive view of the city which it affords.

This fine church was designed by Soufflot, whose tomb is placed in the crypt. The pressure of the dome was found to be too great for the columns on which it was erected, and for these it was found necessary to substitute solid and heavy masses of hewn stone, which by no means harmonize with the rest of the building, and considerably injure the beauty of the interior.

The construction of this dome proved fatal to

the unfortunate architect, in consequence of the distress and anxiety occasioned by the opposition given to his designs, and the ill usage of pretended friends. In his epitaph, written by himself, he thus alludes to the ill treatment he had received from his jealous rivals :—

“ Pour maitre dans son art, il n'eut que la nature,
Il aimait qu'au talent on joignoit la droiture ;
Plus d'un rival jaloux qui fut son ennemi,
S'il eut connu son cœur, eut été son ami.”

CHAPTER XV.

Jardin des Plantes—Bears and Russians—Mineralogical collection—Fossil Bones—Place of the Bastille—M. Launnaï—Dinner at a cabaret on the Seine—Party Spirit in France and England.

Aug. 18.—We passed a very interesting day in making a circuit of Paris, under the guidance of M. Chevalier. We agreed to meet him in the forenoon, at the menagerie in the Jardin des Plantes, and while waiting for his arrival, were amused with the sincere pleasure which several Russians who were looking at the animals, seemed to take in admiring the bears. They evi-

dently appeared to consider them as friends and countrymen. No Zoological Gardens had been established in other cities, and no where had we seen the lords of the deserts so largely and comfortably accommodated.

After inspecting the mineralogical collection arranged by the Abbé Haüy, M. Chevalier directed our attention to the specimens of the Tertiary formation, and fossil bones, collected by Baron Cuvier.

This department of the cabinet of Natural History possesses much interest, both on account of its extent and intrinsic value ; and still more from the consideration that to the researches of the great naturalist by whom it was collected, we are indebted for many of the most important improvements that have of late years been made in geological science.

We then proceeded to the Place de la Bastille, where M. Chevalier shewed us the spot where he had stood when it was attacked on the 14th of July 1789. He made several severe remarks

on the conduct of the governor, the unfortunate Marquis de Launnaï, whose indecision and imprudence unquestionably tended much to aggravate the horrors of the day.

The weakness of his character rendered his authority of little weight at court;* and his representations with respect to the insufficiency of the garrison, and want of provisions at the Bastille, were, in consequence, totally disregarded. These, however, it appears, were by no means groundless; and had the Marquis de Broglie, to whom they were communicated, taken more pains to ascertain the actual condition of the fortress, or, what would have been still better, had he followed the advice of Mons. de Bevensal, and given it in charge to a more efficient commander, the event of the contest might have been very different.

We dined with M. Chevalier, at a small cabaret on one of the quais, close to the Seine, which, from the plainness of its appointments, and per-

* La Cretelle's History of France, vol. 7.

fect quiet, formed a curious contrast to the superb and crowded apartments of Very and Beauvilliers.

M. Chevalier was somewhat of an alarmist, and could not believe that matters were by any means settled in Paris, notwithstanding the overwhelming power of the allies, and the ruined condition of France. The rage of party in the country, he considered it impossible to subdue.

“You English,” said he, “have party feelings, which are no doubt sufficiently keen and constantly in action ; but you have no idea of the extent to which they are carried with us. You publish placards, and you have processions and dinners, and you drink a great deal, and make long speeches—et vous dites, ‘G—d d—n,’ (thumping his fist on the table)—Sere—et ‘G—d d—n encore,’—et voila tout. En France c’est different—bien—bien different.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Ball at the Duke of Wellington's—Hotel Reyniere—Prince of Orange—Humboldt—Blucher—King of Prussia—Sir J. Malcolm—Dress of Hungarian Officers—Sir W. Scott's remark on the ball, and portrait of Napoleon—Banquet—Illuminated Gardens—Grimacier and Conjuror—Tents—White's ball in 1814 compared with this Fête.

I RECEIVED, through the kindness of Col. —, an invitation to the grand ball given by the Duke of Wellington, on the occasion of the order of the Bath being bestowed on Blucher, the Duke of Wirtemberg, Schwartzenberg, Wrede, Barclay de Tolly, and other foreign officers whose services in the campaign entitled

them to that honour. The British officers also, who had received corresponding marks of distinction from Austria, Russia, and Prussia, then for the first time appeared with their decorations.

After considerable labour in arranging the crosses and ribands according to rule, (care being taken that the riband and cross of Maria Teresa should be sufficiently conspicuous, as being the order most prized by the wearers,) I accompanied Col. —, and his party to the Duke's hotel.

This mansion was excellently adapted for the reception of such a party. The rooms did not indeed appear to me remarkably spacious, but were numerous and well arranged. Several of them entered through each other, as usual in Parisian houses, and opened on the gardens, which extend from the back of the hotel to the Champs Elysées. The coup-d'œil was indeed superb. We were received in an anteroom by Sir Colin Campbell and other officers, and then passed on to an apartment, in which several of

the more distinguished visitors were assembled. Among these was the Prince of Orange, with whose manners and appearance I was much taken, while he addressed a few words to my companion in English, as perfect as that of a native.

We came up shortly after with Scott and Sir John Malcolm, with whom Baron Humboldt was in conversation, and as I was the bearer of a letter of recommendation to the Baron, I had the honour of being presented to him.* With

* The following extract from the letter, which I owed to the kindness of Professor Playfair, will, I have no doubt, be read with interest.

“How little did either of us think of the distresses which were so soon to be poured down on Europe when I had the honour to meet you in London last summer. I would fain hope that there is now an end of them, and that peace and mutual confidence are to be restored to the civilized world.

“I hope you received from me some months ago a letter, informing you of your being elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in January last. A review of two volumes of your personal Travels will appear in the Edinburgh Review, which will be published early in the next month.

the appearance of this celebrated traveller I was somewhat surprised. In figure he rather reminded me of the learned professor to whom I owed my introduction; but his richly laced dress, probably the uniform of the Prussian court, certainly gave him more the appearance of a general officer than a man of science. He conversed in English correctly, at least, if not with readiness.

The apartments soon filled with company, chiefly in military dresses; and the eye was dazzled with the variety and splendour which met the view on every side.

One of the most striking figures was the veteran Blucher, who, when I first had a glimpse of him through the crowd, seemed to be in the highest spirits, talking with much glee to several ladies by whom he was surrounded. He was

I hoped to have visited Paris this summer, but I shall now wait until all the appearances of hostility, and I hope all the sentiments of it, are entirely effaced. I have, &c.

(Signed) "J. PLAYFAIR."

dressed in blue, and wore a splendid diamond cross suspended round his neck. His fine commanding forehead and white hairs, his large grey eyebrows and moustachios, formed altogether one of the finest subjects for a portrait I have ever seen.

His master, the King of Prussia, passed frequently, accompanied by his sons, and one or two attendants. His Majesty was very plainly dressed in a blue coat and riband, and when I saw him, always retained the same grave expression of countenance which may be observed in the pictures of the day.

When I was standing near Sir John Malcolm, the Duke himself entered the apartment. He came up to Sir John, and spoke a few words to him, so that I had a good opportunity of seeing "the observed of all observers." He was attired in a Field-Marshal's uniform, the breast of which was covered with stars ; though in other respects his dress was rather plain. Among the various costumes, I was struck with the elegance of that of the Hungarian officers,

with one of whom I happened to have some conversation ; his dress was of dark green, embroidered with lace and fur, somewhat like that of the rifle-corps in form, as well as colour ; and round the neck was suspended a rich collar of filigree work, ornamented with turquoises, which had a beautiful effect.

In the course of the evening I met with Sir Walter, who asked me to walk with him through the rooms, to look for a celebrated portrait of Napoleon, which had been recently executed for the Duke of Abrantes, the owner of the mansion. "A singular errand indeed for us travellers," said he, as he took my arm, and made his way through the crowd ; "who could have imagined that we should ever, by any possibility, have been engaged in looking out for a picture of Buonaparte in the hotel of one of his Marshals, while occupied by the Duke of Wellington ?" *

* The Hotel de la Reyniere was once the residence of Mons. Grimod, author of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and is now occupied by the Russian Ambassador.

In passing through one of the saloons, we observed the Duke, in company with some ladies, standing at a window of a room towards the court of the hotel, listening to a military band. In this apartment several round tables were laid out for the banquet. One of the ladies advanced towards Sir Walter, and invited him to sup at the Duke's table, which was next the window where the band was stationed.

The company shortly after arrived to partake of the feast, and I had the satisfaction to see my distinguished friend seated in the place of honor, and evidently affording that pleasure to his illustrious entertainer and his friends, which his conversation never failed to impart, and which, I may add, he was always desirous that it should impart, whatever might be the rank or situation of those with whom he was in company.

I then continued my search for the portrait of Napoleon, which I found placed so near the floor as to afford an opportunity of examining

the countenance very closely. It was a kit-cat, or three quarter's picture, painted by Gerard ; * the dress green, with white facings, and the usual decorations worn by the original:—the colour of the countenance was of a pale hue, and the remarkable expression of the eye delineated with much force. It was, I believe, reckoned the best likeness that had ever been taken of Napoleon.

I then walked into the gardens, which were splendidly illuminated. Never was a more beautiful night ;

“ The floor of heaven was thick inlaid
With patines of bright gold,”

—and the air balmy and delightful.

There were several tents and awnings spread at different points of the pleasure-ground. In one was stationed a conjuror, who astonished

* Baron Gerard was even then considered as the first portrait painter in Paris. Some of his works have, I understand, been sold for 15,000 francs. The portrait of Pius VII, by David, however, claims for him a rank no less distinguished in this branch of the art.

the public with his feats of legerdemain. In another was the Grimacier, a favourite artist in Paris, whose business it is to amaze the spectator with a succession of grins and contortions of the face and figure, accompanied with strange and uncouth sounds, and aided occasionally with a huge snout or trumpet, in order to increase the power of his grunting recitative.

Under several of the awnings were disposed tables covered with refreshments, at one of which I was invited by some military friends to partake of the "noble fare" of our illustrious host. Altogether, this entertainment must be considered as one of the most interesting and magnificent of the present day. In the preceding summer a very brilliant ball was given, in honour of the foreign Potentates then resident in London, by the members of White's club, at which nearly the same party was assembled as at the hotel Reyniere. Among the guests, indeed, might be enumerated one or two more of kingly dignity, and of course more of

the beauty and nobility of England, for whose absence it is impossible to compensate. Wellington, however, was not one of the group. On the present occasion, the illustrious warrior was himself the giver of the fête ; and this, too, in the city of Paris, after having scarcely two months before achieved—in conjunction with many of those who were assembled under his roof—one of the most glorious and important victories of ancient or modern times.

CHAPTER XVII.

Britannicus of Racine, at the Theatre Français—Talma's Neron—Voltaire's Remarks on the Tragedy—The Character of Neron well adapted for Representation—The Catastrophe of the piece defective—La Partie de Chasse d'Henri IV—Talma's Henri—Mars as Caton—Reception of the Allusions to the Bourbons by the house—Translations of Hamlet, Macbeth and Othello, by Ducis—Shakspeare Amoureux.

Aug. 19th.—I went to the Theatre Français, to see Talma perform the part of Neron in Racine's Tragedy of Britannicus.

The piece was interesting for several reasons. The principal character had long been celebrated on the stage, from the manner in which it had been performed by the two most distinguished tragedians of France, Le Kain and

Talma. The latter was considered a perfect model of an ancient Roman, and in feature bore a strong resemblance to the busts of the Emperor. It was even supposed that Napoleon had given some hints on the delineation of the character, which the actor had adopted: while, on the other hand, the French ruler, it was said, had modelled his own deportment according to the instructions afforded by the representative of the Roman tyrant.

The entry of Talma certainly did not disappoint my expectation. His countenance and features, indeed, could not, I think, be considered either handsome or peculiarly striking; but his figure, dress, manner and voice, were highly impressive and forcible. The abrupt and decided way in which he spoke the concluding lines of the first scene, was very effective.

“ Je le veux, je l'ordonne, et que la fin d'un jour
Ne le retrouve pas en Rome—ou dans ma cour;
Allez—cet ordre importe au salut de l'empire.
Vous—Narcisse—approchez—et vous—(*aux gardes*)
qu'on se retire.”

I fancied, I know not if correctly, that the expressions and manner of Napoleon would have been nearly the same on the like occasion.

The scene with Junie was very powerful. In the first speech occurs the favorite "Madame" of French authors and actors,—

"Vous vous troublez, *Madame*, et changez de visage."

The expression given by Talma to the word, was certainly very superior to the usual monotonous vehemence, accompanied by a certain vibratory action of the hand and outstretched fingers, of the generality of French actors.

The last speech of the scene in which he threatens vengeance against Britannicus, should he perceive the slightest encouragement or mark of affection shewn by her during their approaching interview, was powerfully given,—

"Vous n'aurez point pour moi des langues secrets;
J'entendrai des regards que vous croyez muets;
Et sa perte sera l'infailible salaire
D'un geste—ou d'un penser—échappé pour lui plaire."

In the fourth act, the scene with Burrhus, in which he attempts to awaken the tyrant's better feelings, and to effect a reconciliation between the brothers, was also very impressive, and contrasted well with the succeeding one, in which Narcisse counteracts these good intentions of his rival, and persuades him to prosecute his infamous design on the life of Britannicus.

In speaking of the tragedy, Voltaire gives it as his opinion "*que cet estimable ouvrage,*" as he terms it, "*est un peu froid ;*" and in some respects, it must be owned that the justness of the criticism cannot be called in question. The catastrophe of the play is certainly by no means striking. The interest excited in the fourth act is sadly disappointed in the fifth, which is comparatively tame and cold. In the course of the act itself, indeed, the spirit of the composition gradually declines; and the last scene may be pronounced the least effective in the tragedy. Of this the author himself was probably not entirely unaware; as in his preface he defends the

scene on the score of its being necessary to the winding up of the fable. "Il repond," says a contemporary critic, alluding to Racine's argument in favour of the passage, "il repond qu'elle est necessaire, et il a raison—mais elle ne peut pas être interessante, et il ne le dit pas."

In other respects, however, the play is justly entitled to commendation. The character of Neron is delineated with great skill, and is well adapted to display the talents of the performer who is capable of exhibiting its various traits.

The author has pourtrayed Nero in the first years of his reign. He had not yet destroyed his mother and his wife; but he has already become impatient of control—he is anxious to throw off the yoke, and it requires all his efforts to conceal the natural cruelty and malignity of his disposition. He is a "monstre," as Racine says—"mais un naissant monstre," who does not as yet fully disclose himself, and still thinks it necessary so to colour his evil deeds as to gloss over their enormity.

This design is evidently well suited to the purposes of the drama, and was in many respects admirably expressed in the representation of Talma. The latent ferocity of the tyrant was pourtrayed with uncommon power,—if I may venture to say so, perhaps more skilfully than the deep dissimulation, for which he was also notorious, and which, in the scene with Agrippina, is made a distinguishing feature of the character.

Altogether, the impression left on the mind by the performance was, I think, fully as deep and lasting as any I have witnessed, not excepting even the Wolsey or Coriolanus of Kemble.

The part of Agrippina was performed by Mademoiselle Georges, a very handsome person, and an admired actress, who declaimed her long speeches in a style that gave full effect to the dignified character of the Empress, and frequently called forth the applause of the house.

A few evenings after, I saw Talma personate a monarch of a very different character; viz. the amiable and gallant Henri IV. himself, in the

very delightful comedy of "La Partie de Chasse d' Henri IV.," by Collè.

In this, too, we were struck with the dexterity with which he contrived to impart to his countenance and figure some resemblance to the hero of the drama. The manner in which he performed not only the scenes at the commencement of the piece, which were more accordant with his usual style of acting, but those also in the cottage of the miller, in which the gay good-humoured disposition of the King is so agreeably displayed, deservedly received the hearty applause of the audience. He was admirably supported by Mademoiselle Mars in the part of Catau, who portrayed the simple coquettish country girl to the life.

The scene between Henri and the inflexible Sully afforded many good points for the display of Talma's powers. His annoyance at being on bad terms with his minister and friend—the manner in which he reads his vindication—"les quatre mots," as Sully says, "que j'ai mis au

bas," in reply to the aspersions on his character—the heartfelt sincerity of his reconciliation,—were expressed with great energy.

The following passage seemed to make great impression on the house: "Dans ce siècle affreux, dans de siècle de troubles, de conspirations, de trahison, où j'ai vu, où j'ai éprouvé les plus noires perfidies, de la part de ceux que j'avois traités comme mes meilleurs amis,—où j'ai pensé être mille fois le jouet et la victime de la sceleratesse de leurs complots, tu me pardonneras bien, mon cher ami, ces petites échappées de défiance: je les réparerai, Monsieur de Rosny, par des nouveaux bienfaits."

This speech no doubt might admit of many different applications, and certainly produced much sensation. One of the most amusing scenes in the play was that in which Catau, while she and her mother are waiting for the arrival of the miller to supper, requests to be entertained with a ghost story. The increasing alarm and almost paleness of Mars' countenance as the tale

proceeded—her saying “Ah ! tout mon sang se fige !—et mon pere—eut il ben peur ?” just as the knock is heard at the door of the cottage, and she adds “Bonté divine !—n’est pas là un esprit ?” were delightfully comic—the action always perfectly natural, never overcharged.

It was curious to see the heroic and tragical Talma obeying to the letter the stage direction in the supper scene—“Ils paraissent manger comme des gens affamés, sur tout Henri, qui mange avec une grande vivacité, ce qui est marqué par des silences.” His utterance of the word “Gabrielle,” when the well-known ballad was sung, and charmingly, by Catau, and his action when the family join in the chorus of “Vive Henri Quatre,” were full of expression and feeling.

This little comedy we were peculiarly fortunate in seeing performed, as it was, I believe, the only one in which these two celebrated artistes appeared together. I have often heard Sir Walter Scott, who was present at this repre-

sentation, declare that he never received greater pleasure from any theatrical exhibition.

The piece is avowedly taken from the story of the "King and the Miller of Mansfield;" but the brilliancy of the dialogue, and excellence of the application, have rendered it a truly national drama; and it has indeed been considered as the only one in which the character of the amiable Henri has been depicted in its true colours.

One learns with regret that the lively spirit of the author was broken, in consequence of the death of a beloved wife. "In losing her," says his biographer, "he lost the lively gaiety which inspired him, and fell into a profound melancholy, which shortly after brought him to the grave.

* * * * *

The translations of Ducis had many years before introduced the works of Shakspeare to the notice of the Parisian world, and given Talma an opportunity of displaying his powers in the characters of Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello.

Of these, the first was by far the most popular ; and Madame de Staël, in her work on Germany, bears witness to the powerful effect produced by his delineation of the Prince of Denmark.

The drama has, of course, been considerably altered by the translator, in order to adapt it to the taste of a French audience.

Although the characters are far less poetical than those of the original, the interest of the principal one has not certainly been diminished ; and so far as the conduct of the story is concerned, the tragedy may be considered as in several respects improved by the translator.

The Ophelia of the French play is totally different from the delightful and innocent creature depicted by Shakspeare. She is represented indeed as a noble, high-spirited princess, and is the daughter of the "treacherous, kindless villain," by whom the murder of the king was committed.

The situation of Hamlet with respect to Ophe-

lia, is thus rendered a very tragical one, and gives rise to one of the most effective scenes in the drama.

That also between Hamlet and his mother—in which the urn containing the ashes of his father is introduced, and on which the Prince demands that she should swear that she is innocent of the king's blood—has been allowed to be in the highest degree impressive.

The ghost does not appear on the scene. It passes however, as Madame de Staël observes, “in the countenance of Talma,” and with an effect that could not have been increased by the presence of the apparition.

In Macbeth the fable is also considerably altered. The aged Duncan, through fear of the treachery of *Cador* and *Magdonel*, gives his son *Malcome* in charge to a faithful friend *Sevar*, by whom he is educated in ignorance of his real birth. After the murder of the King, which is so managed as to throw scarcely any suspicion on Macbeth, Sevar brings the Prince to the

royal palace, and claims for him the crown of his ancestors. Frédegonde (Lady Macbeth,) resolves at once on his destruction. Macbeth, however, is so conscience-stricken by his crimes, that he determines to atone for them by doing justice to the rightful heir, and making a public confession of his guilt. His wife in vain endeavours to prevent his purpose, and makes up her mind to be herself the perpetrator of the additional act of blood necessary to secure the sceptre. At the dead of night, however, Sevar and Malcome perceive the Queen come forth unexpectedly from her apartment,

“ — un poignard, un flambeau dans la main,
Mais ce qui fait horreur, c'est quand son esprit veille,
Que son corps à la fois parle, agit et sommeille.”

In this scene, as in the original, she discloses the whole transaction of the murder of Duncan, and at the same time her intention of destroying Malcome.*

* The following stage direction in this scene is quite French:

Macbeth, in the meanwhile, assembles the nobles, in order to restore the kingdom to the son of Duncan, and to make a confession of his crimes. Just as he has done so, Fredégonde rushes in, overwhelmed with despair—"égagée, echevelée,"—having by mistake, imbrued her hands in the blood of her own child.

Fred.—"Je vois tout, mon sommeil.—Le ciel, dans sa colère,
A massacré mon fils par la main de sa mère.
Vers Malcome croyant diriger mon chemin,
C'est sur mon propre fils qu'il a conduit ma main."

The weird sisters do not appear in the play as it was represented. Their influence, however, and especially that of their chief, Iphycône, pervades the whole drama. The author, indeed, seems disposed to have introduced them on the

Fred.—Macbeth ! Malcome est là—viens !—(croyant le voir hésiter et levant les épaules de pitié),—comme il s'intimide !

stage, could this have been attempted with any hopes of success. At the conclusion of the scene between Duncan, Sevar, and Glamis, in the first act, he subjoins the following note :—" On peut finir cet acte en y ajoutant la scène suivante, qui serviroit peut-être à augmenter la terreur du sujet."

(On entend un gémissement douloureux.)

Dun.—Quel long gémissement !

Glam.—Tout mon cœur se déchire.

Dun.—C'est celui d'un mortal au moment qu'il expire !

Glam.—Si c'étaient ces trois sœurs—

(Les trois Furies ou Magiciennes sont cachées derrière les rochers. La première tient un sceptre, la seconde une poignard, et la troisième un serpent.)

(*La Magicienne qui tient un poignard.*)

Le charme a réussi,

Le sang coule, on combat. Resterons nous ici ?

(*La Mag. qui tient un sceptre.*)

Non, je cours de ce pas, éblouir ma victime.

(*La Mag. qui tient un poignard.*)

Et moi, frapper la mienne.

(La Mag. qui tient un serpent.)

Et moi, venger ton crime.

La Première.—Du Sang !

La Seconde.—Du Sang !

La Troisième.—Du Sang !

(Elles sortent toutes ensemble du milieu des rochers, et ne se laissent apercevoir qu'un moment, ou même elles peuvent s'échapper sans être vu du spectateur.)

Sevar.—Quel presage odieux !

Dun.—Separons nous, Sevar. Soumettons nous aux Dieux.

(Duncan et Glamis sortent d'un côté, et Sevar de l'autre.)

* * * *

The description given by Macbeth, of their appearance to him on the heath, is mentioned by Madame de Staël, as one of Talma's finest efforts.

An interlude, entitled "Shakspeare Amoureux, ou la piece à l'étude, par Alexander Duval," was produced in 1812, in which Talma personated our immortal bard. It is of the slightest description, and would not be worth mentioning, except to shew the interest which seemed to be

attached to the mere name of the poet, in Paris.*

* It was stated in the papers at the time, that during the month of August, the receipts of the Théatres in Paris had amounted to 460,000 francs, or above £20,000. The Académie Royale had received 75,000 francs. The Théâtre Français 64,000. Théâtre de Variétés 50,000. Catalami's Concerts 48,000.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Band of the Emperor of Austria—The Blind Man and his dog, on the Boulevards—Visit to the Bibliothèque du Roi—Illuminated Manuscripts—Letters—Golden Bees found in the tomb of Childeric—Bible of Charles the Bald.

As our lodgings were in the near neighbourhood of the Boulevards—a material advantage in Paris—I used occasionally to walk towards the hotel of the Emperor of Austria, near the Place de la Madeleine, as it is now called, then of the Temple of Glory, in front of which his celebrated band played almost every morning at an

early hour. In precision and harmony of execution, their performance surpassed that of any military orchestra I ever heard.

Several very beautiful solos were introduced by the clarionet and horns ; and the crescendos, which give so much expression to the music, were managed with peculiar skill and delicacy.

Those who were acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, will not be surprised that in the course of our walks he should have formed a considerable degree of intimacy with an "honest creature" of a dog ; "the only good-humoured looking animal," as he said one day on our road from Brussels, "to be met with in the country." That in question was the conductor of a blind man, who was frequently stationed on the Boulevard des Italiens, close to the Rue de la Paix, and whom we used to see on our way to and from our hotel.

He pled the cause of his matter with great effect, and his simple and inobtrusive appeal to

the charity of the passengers, it was quite impossible to resist. When the man stopped, the little rough mongrel, for such he was, took his seat beside him with a wooden cup in his mouth, which he continued to hold up with the utmost patience and perseverance. Sir Walter never could resist saying a word to him in passing, and depositing a trifle in his dish.

* * * * *

Among the numerous marks of attention shewn to our friend by the leading persons in Paris, was an invitation which he received from Lord Cathcart to an entertainment given by him to the Emperor of Russia and other distinguished characters. At this he happened to be seated near Count Platoff, from whom he received much attention. "The Hetman," said he, "addressed several sentences to me in his own language in a very obliging manner, to which I replied in English, taking care to make my answer nearly of the same length as his own speech; and with this I was

glad to perceive he was perfectly satisfied." Its tenor was probably explained to him by some of his friends in the neighbourhood. That the Count had been pleased with Scott, appears from the kind salutation he gave him a few days afterwards on the Boulevards, when walking with Mr. Pringle. *

* * * * *

We went one forenoon, about this time, to visit the King's Library, a truly magnificent institution, and in which every facility is afforded to those who wish to consult the books,

* See Lockhart's Life, vol. 5. In the Edinburgh Annual Register, is an account of a dinner given at Paris to Count Platoff, by Lords Percy and Kinnoul, and a party of English, in May 1814.

On this occasion, with the assistance of Doctors Chrichton and Wylie, he seems to have been quite able to ascertain the meaning of the speeches made by the chairman and others, as was evident by the very appropriate replies given by him in the course of the evening. In one speech he alludes to his want of education—a deficiency of which he declared that his son should have no reason to complain. Of this, however, there is no appearance in the account given of the party.

or inspect the valuable engravings and antiquities it contains.

Sir Walter expressed a wish to examine a few of the more valuable manuscripts in the collection; and every thing most deserving of notice was immediately shewn us with great attention and civility.

Among the principal objects of interest were—several letters of Henri Quatre to the fair Gabrielle—some letters of Ann Boleyn—the Golden Bees found in the tomb of Childeric, * which served as models for those with which the coronation robes of Napoleon were ornamented. His object in adopting these relics, no doubt, must have been to direct the attention of the nation to the emblems of the more ancient dynasties—or indeed to any other, rather than to those of the Bourbons. †

* Childeric reigned from the year 456, to 482.

† In James's *Life of Charlemagne*, is the following account of the contents of the tomb of Childeric, which was found at Tournay in the year 1653. Besides a quantity of the bones of horses, probably sacrificed on the death of the king, a great

We were shewn many splendid illuminated manuscripts, of which I recollect the Bible of Charles the Bald, as being one of the most remarkable. On one of the leaves was a singular portrait of the monarch, seated on a chair with a high back, and attired in a loose cloak edged with an embroidered border, and fastened with a brooch on one shoulder. In his hand was a wand, and a few attendants were stationed round him, dressed in a Roman style.

The book is in folio, and in excellent preservation.

many ornaments of gold were found, together with various medals, a style, the figure of a bull's head, and several other things manufactured in gold, as well as a number of rings, on some of which appeared the effigy of Childeric, with the inscription in Latin, "Childericus Rex." The remains also of a tunic, a sword, and part of an axe, were discovered, as well as some tablets, on which, I believe, no writing was to be traced. The most curious, however, of the objects in that tomb, were a multiplicity of bees wrought in gold, some with eyes, some without—a symbol of empire, which Childeric probably derived from the Romans.

CHAPTER XIX.

Pontoon at Argenteuil—Officers quartered in a Maison de campagne—Bouquet of carnations—St. Denis—The Abbey—Monuments of the kings of France—Louvre—Preparations for removing the statues—Theatre des Variétés—Potier as Jean qui pleure.

ON the 21st I accompanied Colonel ——— on horseback, to an inspection of the corps of sappers and miners in the Bois de Boulogne, which he was anxious should be put in a more effective condition ; and thence proceeded to Argenteuil, where a pontoon bridge had been established across the Seine.

It may be recollected, that the Prussian army

under Blucher crossed the river near St. Germain's, in order to avoid the strong military works prepared on the north of the city at Montmartre and St. Denis, and to attack it if necessary from the south, which, except at St. Cloud and Issy, was left almost entirely without defence. The Duke of Wellington was in position at Gonesse ; and the bridge to which I have referred was constructed for the purpose of maintaining a communication between the English and Prussian forces.

I never had seen any work of the kind ; but both my conductor and his chargers had been well accustomed to all kinds of military communications, and we passed without difficulty. The pontoons were moored in the direction of the stream, and were connected by a platform of boards, covered with rushes, without any rail. The bridge heaved slightly with the motion of the horses, but they were not in consequence at all frightened or unruly while we led them across. I was told, that if a few veteran leaders

were sent along the pontoons, the rest of the steeds followed much more resolutely and quietly than one would imagine.

We then rode up the right bank of the Seine, to the quarters of an officer stationed in a maison de campagne, delightfully situated close to the river. We there met with an "echantillon" of regard for the Emperor, which I had not previously had an opportunity of seeing marked so decidedly.

I observed in the hand of a lively young lady in the house, a bouquet of carnations, which she seemed to admire and arrange with much care and nicety. I said, "A ce que je crois, mademoiselle, vous avez des fleurs dans ce joli bouquet là, qui se trouvent dans le jardin de l'empereur."—"Ah, oui, monsieur," she replied, "et cela ne m'empêche pas de les admirer—elles sont des belles fleurs.—Je suis Française d'ailleurs."

We then went on to St. Denis, where we

observed several traces of the fortifications of the cent jours, to which I have alluded.

On our return to Paris, we stopped to look at the abbey, a venerable remain of antiquity, although not, as we thought, remarkable for the beauty of its architecture.

The tombs of the kings of France had not as yet been restored to their original cemetery, from the museum of the Petits Augustins. When looking at the ancient fabric, we felt strongly that nothing but the absolute necessity of the case could justify the removal of these monuments from the spot where they had been enshrined for ages, to form part of an exhibition for the entertainment of the city of Paris.

* * * * *

Aug. 22.—Went to the Louvre, where several additional blanks were perceptible. Sir Walter seemed on the whole to prefer the picture gallery to the halls of sculpture, chiefly, as he used to say, from there being few good statues to be seen in England, and scarcely any in the

northern part of the island. Besides those master-pieces already mentioned, which we of course seldom passed without admiring, Sir Walter was often, I think, attracted by the celebrated picture of the Witch of Endor, by Salvator Rosa, as also by a battle-piece by Wouvermans, representing an attack of cavalry on a bridge, remarkable for its spirit and force. A very finely painted dog in one of Murillo's pictures was also a well known favourite; no less, I believe, from his affection to the subject, than from the excellence of the performance.

I recollect Scott pointing out to me, at one of our last visits, a very singular picture by Tintoret, which indeed it was impossible to view with gravity, although the subject must no doubt have been intended by the artist to have been a sad and serious one. A Venetian, in slavery among the Turks, had been condemned to the torture. In his distress he invoked his patron, St. Mark, and it appears with extraordinary success. The instruments of torture be-

come useless in the hands of the executioners, one of whom holds up to his inhuman master, with an air of the greatest vexation and astonishment, the fragments of his club, which had been broken over the back of the prisoner without inflicting the slightest injury.

In the halls of sculpture there were evident preparations for the removal of the statues. The mode was as follows : a frame of wood, in form like a right-angled triangle, or half wedge, was placed close to the statue ; one side of the triangle was exactly the height of the pedestal on which it stood ; and the figure, when loosened from its base, was easily slid down the inclined side of the machine, and at once deposited in its case.

It was asserted and believed by many persons, that the Apollo Belvedere was destined to visit England. For this report, there never was the slightest foundation ; and the tale was supposed to have been circulated, merely with the view of casting odium on the English authorities, for the

share they had taken in enforcing the restoration of the works of art to the rightful owners.

We had the good fortune to meet with Sir William Beechey and Mr. Hoppner, who accompanied us in our circuit of the statue gallery. The former pointed out several instances of the manner in which shades of different intensity were produced, by hollowing out the marble so as to give to any part of the figure the exact degree of relief required. In a cast, this of course cannot be effected.

In the evening we went to the Theatre des Variétés, to see Potier perform in the ridiculous little piece of "Jean qui pleure, et Jean qui rit." Potier was Jean qui pleure—a melancholy spirited person, who bursts into tears on the slightest occasion, while his neighbour, Jean qui rit, on the contrary, lives in a continued roar of merriment. Potier's most singular lanthorn-jawed physiognomy, and tall spare figure, made his grief irresistibly laughable. The manner in which he talked of being "gai, gai," with the

tears trickling down his lank face, and his asking every now and then for "un autre mouchoir" from his wife, who had a reticule always filled with a supply for her sorrowing helpmate, were highly absurd ; and no less so the lady's accommodating look of distress, evidently assumed in compliment to her better half's sentimental griefs.

The excellent acting of Potier and Brunet, the chief supporters of this little theatre, rendered it one of the most attractive in Paris.

Play-goers of those days could hardly believe that instead of the shouts of laughter which used to echo through the house whenever Potier appeared, the audience are now nightly dissolved in tears, by his touching representation of *pathetic* pieces.

CHAPTER XX.

The Academie Royale des Sciences—M. de la Place—Count Lacedepede and other Savants—Birthday of Louis XVIII—Rejoicings in Paris—Dancing in the Gardens of the Thuilleries—Illuminations—Good feeling towards the King—Visit to the Thuilleries—The King—Monsieur—Anecdote of an English Officer—Salle des Maréchaux—Portraits—Description of the Apartments.

I OBTAINED admission to a séance of the Royal Academy, which was attended by several of the most distinguished men of science in Paris. M. Delambre was president, and M. de la Place, Count Lacépède, M. Biot, M. Haüy, were among the members present. No paper of much interest was read at the meeting. The

principal subject discussed was a notice of some astronomical observations by M. Poisson, which was succeeded by a dissertation on the manufacture of hats, and a few other subjects connected with the section of mechanics.

In the vestibules of the Palais de l'Institut, were some interesting busts, among which I was struck with that of D'Alembert, as being remarkable for its expression.

When visiting Monsieur —, a few days afterwards, I told him I had *assisted* at this meeting, and mentioned the subjects which had been treated of by the learned gentlemen of the academy. On saying that the manufacture of hats had formed one of the topics, he replied "Quoi donc—absolument un chapitre des chapeaux!" The fact was that our friend was of opinion that the academicians had interfered in political matters much more than became men of science, and was not disposed to bestow more praise than he could possibly help on their proceedings.

“They are too fond,” said he, “of les salons, of court dresses, and ‘decorations;’ it would be better if they confined themselves to the studies which ought to employ their time—and one would think sufficiently—without engaging in the brouilleries of politics.”

At the séance which I attended, Count Lacépède was certainly in full court-dress, and was in attendance on two foreigners of rank. I was afterwards informed that in consequence of his interference in public matters on the return of Napoleon from Elba, the students of the Jardin des Plantes had absented themselves from his lectures.

The active part he had taken in encouraging the conscription during the hundred days, had, it seems, given peculiar offence.

* * * *

On the 25th of August, the birth-day of Louis the XVIII., the mass of St. Louis was performed in the private chapel of the Thuilleries.

The allied sovereigns paid visits of congratu-

lation to the King, and the city was adorned with flags and festive garlands.

In the gardens of the palace, especially before the Pavillon de Flore, crowds of people were assembled, dancing in groups, tossing up bouquets, and insisting on the royal family coming forward every now and then to the balcony. Of all the dancers, the most singular were the soldiers of the National Guard, whose vast grenadier caps, covered with bear-skin, were seen moving up and down in all sorts of figures in the course of the cotillon ; while, through the dense mass of loyalists, whose enthusiasm seemed to have no bounds, we had an occasional glimpse of the huge mustachios and grim visages of the wearers.

It was said that "Vive l'Empereur," had been heard, "twice or once;" but nothing could be more energetic than the display of loyal feeling towards Louis, among the crowd.

A little *vaut rien* had been detected calling out, "Vive l'Empereur;" on being pursued, he

shouted it again—"Vive l'Empereur Alexandre."

There was a general illumination at night, and the theatres were open to the public gratis. "Vive le Roi," "Notre bon père de Gand," "Notre bon Roi,"

"Vive le Roi,
Ma femme et moi,"

appeared in transparencies and lamps.

The King on this occasion really seemed to be "Louis le Desiré," rather than "Louis l'Inévitable," as he had been styled; and it was alleged that in this general fervour of loyalty, Napoleon himself was not spared. In one of the transparencies, we were informed that the ex-Emperor was represented as undergoing the operation of being shaved by the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher, who carried on their work in a very methodical and grave manner, without paying the slightest attention to the wry faces made by the patient.

A few days after the celebration of this fête,

we obtained admission to the Thuilleries, when we had a very favourable opportunity of seeing his Majesty, and other members of the Bourbon family, as they passed through the Salle des Maréchaux, on their return from morning service in the chapel, to the private apartments of the palace.

The King was extremely infirm, and walked with much difficulty; his demeanour, however, was calm and dignified, and the many personal disadvantages under which he laboured, were atoned for by the benignant and intelligent expression of his countenance.

The deportment of Monsieur formed a complete contrast to that of his royal brother. This prince still retained a considerable portion of the grace and elegance for which he had been formerly celebrated, and which had rendered him so distinguished an ornament of the court of Marie Antoinette. He was all gaiety and animation, and frequently turned round to address some lively sally to the attendants who

followed in the train of the royal party; his manner was certainly extremely polite and engaging, and I could not help having an impression that it was intended to attract the notice of a somewhat larger circle than that to which he immediately addressed himself.

The good sense, the amiable temper and conciliating manners of the King, appeared evidently to have obtained for him the good will and attachment of his subjects. It certainly could not be supposed that the army should forget their ancient attachment to their celebrated chief, and the brave officers under whom they had served in many a hard-fought field; but the great mass of the nation was favourable to the restored dynasty, and seemed convinced that under the existing government there was a greater chance of enjoying the blessings of peace and public liberty, than could possibly be expected under that of any other sovereign.

I was informed by an officer of the Duke of Wellington's Staff that when he and his com-

rades were presented to his Majesty by their illustrious commander, shortly after his restoration, they were much struck with that good taste and feeling, for which it is well known his manners were so eminently distinguished. He made a short address to the party in English, in the course of which, as my friend observed, there was only one slight inaccuracy, and added, that nothing could be more impressive than the language, and the feeling manner in which it was delivered.

I recollect that the concluding sentence was as follows.—“I felicite” (for felicitate) “you, gentlemen, on your success, and feel grateful for the kindness shown by you on all occasions since you have entered the French territories, à mes enfans égarés.”

As the palace was not shewn to the public except when the Court was at St. Cloud or Fontainebleau, we had an opportunity of seeing only a few of the apartments.

The Salle des Maréchaux, which occupies the

whole of the central pavilion of the chateau, is a magnificent room, and adorned with the portraits of the Marshals of France, among which we remarked that of Macdonald, one of the best painted of the pictures, and to us, of course, the most interesting in the collection.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Grandes Eaux at Versailles—The Palace—Salle de la Guerre—Galerie de Lebrun—The Walks and Statues in the Gardens—The Basins—The Water-works—Magnificence of the Spectacle.

THE 27th of August, as we were informed by La Rue, our laquais-de-place, was to be a great day at Versailles—"un jour des Grandes Eaux,"* when we were assured there was to be expected "quelque chose de superbe—ma foi, quelque chose de magnifique." Nor was the character

* The Grandes Eaux play on stated occasions only. The expense of each performance is said to be 10,000 francs.

of the spectacle overrated. It was indeed superb. We set out with a couple of military friends, in a fiacre of an azure blue colour, if I mistake not, with scarlet wheels; and arrived at Madame Rimbault's Hotel, at Versailles, about one o'clock, where all Paris seemed to be assembled.

We proceeded to the palace, and mingled with the vast stream which passed through the apartments. The *Gallerie de Lebrun*, and the *Salles de la Guerre*, and *de la Paix*,* were quite filled with persons of every nation in Europe.

Owing to this dense and singular crowd, it was difficult to get a tolerable view of the suite of rooms; but they certainly struck me as being the most magnificent we had ever seen.

On our return to the coffee-room, the uproar was excessive. We begged for a *petit morceau* for dinner; and after some entreaty the *garçons* promised to do what they could for us. We

* These three saloons, which in fact form one apartment, are 217 feet in length, and 40 in height.

contrived to seize on two or three stools, and invented an extempore table, on which we succeeded at length in having an entrée or two secured. Our repast was got over as quickly as possible, and we proceeded to the gardens.

These were filled with company, in general well-dressed, as it was Sunday; and nothing could possibly be more gay than the spectacle. The broad walks and formal parterres, adorned with groups of statues, the canals, and basins, and long vistas of the park, harmonised well with the stately architecture of the palace; and the whole combined to form an abode in every respect worthy of the Grand Monarque.

About 5 o'clock, a signal was given that the water-works were about to commence: on which we hastened to a large basin near the gate of the park, in the centre of which was a group of statues.

The banks of the lake (for such it might almost be called) formed an amphitheatre, capable of containing many thousand persons; and

this we found nearly full, from the edge of the water to the summit.

Those around me were principally French, of all ages; one old gentleman, in a collarless coat, powdered ear-locks, cocked hat and buckles, must certainly have been present before the revolution, and nearly in a similar costume. All were eager and impatient in the extreme, and as full of curiosity and enthusiasm as if they had never seen or heard of Versailles, or the Grandes Eaux.

Some attendants of the palace were seen to approach—all was silence; and at length the moment arrived.—“Ah!” said the old gentleman in buckles, with the utmost vehemence of voice and action, “c’est le Jupiter qui commence.” In an instant the fountains shot forth a thousand streams, in the most splendid style, and the bronze divinities were enveloped in a shroud of spray. The spectators gave a shout of approbation, in which we heartily joined, and sat for some time enjoying the scene.

We returned at a slow pace, along with a train of carriages that extended a considerable way towards Paris, in an atmosphere of dust, which rendered a glass of ice à la Pistache, and Ponche à la Romaine, at a favourite Café on the Boulevard Italien, quite indispensable, before we returned to our hotel.

I ought to add, that the behaviour of this vast assemblage of persons was perfectly decorous — not a symptom of rudeness or ill-humour was at any time perceptible.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Academie Royale de Musique—Wellington's box —
Strength of the Band—Splendour of the Ballet—L'Enfant
Prodigue—Band of the Odeon—Figaro—Conversation with
a Frenchman in English—View of Paris from the Pont des
Arts, and Pont Royale

August 29th.—Went to the Academie Royale
de Musique, where there was a brilliant assem-
blage of fashionables. Wellington's box on the
stage was, as usual, full of distinguished persons,
—Lady Castlereagh, Lady Kinnaird, General
Alava, &c.

The Duke himself was little seen, as he sat

behind the pillar next the audience. Occasionally, however, I had a glimpse of his profile, as he bent forward, and once or twice turned round to look at the house. In one of the centre boxes was Sir John Elley, in the full costume of the Blues, a truly martial and striking figure. In the boxes on the side opposite the Duke's were several Austrian officers, conspicuous from their white dress ; and several English, who had doubtless stationed themselves there in order to be gratified with a sight of their great countryman.

To the Parisians, one would have supposed, that the aspect of the theatre must have given little satisfaction ; but in the part of the parterre where I was seated, I did not perceive the slightest symptoms of any such feeling. Every one seemed entirely absorbed in the splendour of the *spectacle* afforded by the house and the performance.

The orchestra at this theatre is more numerous than at the King's Theatre in London,

and also differs from it in the arrangement and proportion of the instruments. The number of violoncellos and double basses is considerably greater, and the band is therefore more powerful.

The first coup-d'archet is very striking, and the performers are many of them very distinguished artists. De Beriot sometimes introduced very beautiful solos; and Tulon's flute was remarkable for sweetness of tone, and the tasteful execution of the performer. But the sustained force of the orchestra, the want of some repose in the style of execution, and of an occasional increase and diminution of tone in the accompaniment, rendered the effect of the band less impressive than it ought to have been, from the individual merit of the performers. The voices of the singers were in general harsh, and their style unpleasing, though their action was spirited and effective.

The ballet, however, was the great object of

attraction, and certainly an exhibition of a most superior description. It was entitled "L'Enfant Prodigue." The scenes representing the habitation of the parents of the unfortunate victim, were extremely beautiful; and their rural character contrasted well with the magnificence of the gorgeous palaces, in which the prodigal falls a prey to the blandishments of his profligate associates. This part of the piece, it may be supposed, was a most faithful and attractive representation of refined dissipation, and afforded excellent opportunities for the display of the talents of the danseuses of the company.

The scene in the desert, when the prodigal has been ruined, and endeavours to return to his home, was one of the best theatrical exhibitions I have ever seen. There was, in the colour and light thrown on the sandy desert in which he is cast away, a degree of aridness and oppression, that was quite overpowering; and

the action of Vestris expressed the utmost degree of languor and misery. His mouth seemed parched with thirst—he sank down in hopeless despair. I may observe that the heat of the house itself was intolerable, to a degree that might almost be supposed to excite some sort of sympathy with the wanderer.

I am not sure that the principal dancers were equal to Angeoline or Les Hayes, then the first performers at the English Opera House. But, in the general management of the ballet, the grouping of the figurantes, and the skill with which it was contrived that the action of the piece should never languish, and every interval be filled up with some incident conducive to the general effect, the arrangements were very superior to those of the London Theatre.

L'Epreuve Villageoise was another favorite ballet. In large cities, the representation of country life is for the most part extremely po-

pular. The citizens seem to enjoy a village scene or a fête champetre, as a sort of rural excursion on a holiday, when they try to have a gulp of fresh air for a few hours. The band at the Odeon* was not so large as at the Academie Royale; but the operas were generally Italian, and the performances were admired by the lovers of music. The piece I saw was Figaro, which was well got up, although the ingenious valet himself appeared to me somewhat tame.

A Frenchman next me, who seemed very anxious to show off his knowledge of English, said, "He too old, et too cold." The effect of the music, however, was delightful, after what we had been accustomed to at most of the other theatres. It seemed also to give much satisfaction to the audience, which was extremely large and brilliant. The heat was excessive,

* This Theatre was burned down in 1818, and has been restored with great taste.

and I was glad to leave the house as soon as possible after the conclusion of the opera. My neighbour, to whom I have alluded, seemed quite overpowered as well as myself, and said to me, rubbing his hands, "I am starving with *heat*." Of course nothing was left for me but to assent to his observation. Shortly before I took my departure, his anxiety to display his acquirements in English, was explained by his putting into my hand a card of his terms as a teacher of our language, with a request for my patronage.

The view of Paris from the Pont des Arts, as I returned home, was superb; the moon shone with uncommon brilliancy, and gave a charming effect to the scene.

I walked along the quais, as far as the Pont Royal, from which the view of the Thuilleries and the façade of the Louvre was indeed magnificent.

It was impossible not to rejoice that the

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request of Marshal Blucher for the aid of the Rocket Brigade, the day before the capitulation of Paris, had been refused by the British commander.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Review of the Russian Troops by the Emperor Alexander,
Emperor of Austria, King of Prussia, Duke of Wellington, &c.

ON the 31st August, Sir Walter and I set out at eight in the morning to attend a grand review of the Russian troops, by the Emperor Alexander, and the Allied Sovereigns. The Place Louis XV. was the point where the army passed before their Majesties; and we succeeded in securing a stand on one of the pedestals which are placed at the angles of the inclosure. The ground was kept by the Cossacks of the

Guard, in general very tall and handsome men, dressed in red jackets and very wide blue trousers, and armed with lances. The crowd was not great, and we remarked, as indeed might have been expected, that very few French were present.

The Cossacks kept guard with scarcely any exercise of severity. For one instant, however, the angry spirit broke forth in a manner that afforded us some amusement. An old Jew, unfortunately, chose to cross the space that was kept clear, upon which, one of the guards rushed after him, with a face expressive of the utmost detestation and wrath. His lance was raised in an instant, and with the butt-end of it the alarmed Israelite was quickly pushed back like "a stranger cur" among the multitude, very near where we were standing, amidst shouts of laughter.

Soon after, a general officer was seen to trot very quickly along the Rue des Champs Elysées. His uniform was scarlet, adorned with many

orders, and a pale blue ribbon;* and attended by an aide-de-camp.

This was soon ascertained to be Wellington, proceeding evidently in some haste to join the cortège of the monarchs. The observant eye of my companion quickly recognised the hero. His hat and stout staff were immediately raised in the air, with a hearty cheer for Wellington. Sovereigns and Generals, however, were so common in Paris, that I do not think any very remarkable sensation was produced even by the conqueror himself.

The Emperor of Russia, together with the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, attended by a number of officers, now appeared in the broad walk of the Champs Elysées, on their way from the Hotel of the Elysée Bourbon† to the Place Louis XV.

* The ribbon of the Russian order of St. Alexander Newsky.

† This Hotel is interesting from the number of remarkable persons by whom it has been occupied. It was built in 1718, and was purchased by Madame de Pompadour, after whose death it became the property of Louis XV. It afterwards

They took their station immediately opposite to us, on the south side of the area. The spot was a remarkable one:—on it, in the year 1794, Louis XVI. was massacred by his subjects; and now, in 1815, the chiefs of the great European powers were met in triumph, surrounded by the countless host of enemies which the crimes and ambition of the revolutionary party had raised against France.

The Russian bands were soon after heard at a distance, and the troops began to appear in the broad alley, the avenue des Champs Elysées, by

belonged to the Duchess of Bourbon; and in 1792 became national property, when it was used as a printing-office. Next, it was a public garden; and in 1804 was bought by Murat, who fitted it up with great magnificence. On his going to Naples, it was much occupied by Napoleon, whose favorite room is called the Salon de Travail. In 1814 and 1815, it was inhabited by the Emperor of Russia, and afterwards by the Duke of Wellington. During the 100 days, it was the residence of Napoleon. In 1816, it was given by the King to the Duke de Berri, whose children were born in the bed-room which had belonged to Maria Louise. The palace now belongs to the Crown.

which the monarchs had approached. Regiment after regiment advanced, until the whole space, which is visible for a considerable distance, was crowded with soldiers. Their bayonets were fixed, and the walk was actually filled with a crop of pointed steel, as thick as ears of corn in a wheat field.

The slight movement occasioned by their regular steady march, sufficed to make the arms constantly glance in the rays of the morning sun, which at that early hour struck on them sideways with great brilliancy. On the approach of one of the regiments to the *place*, the King of Prussia advanced from the group, and put himself at the head of it. He rode with it till he came near the Emperor of Russia, and after saluting him, returned to his place in the cortège.

The number of troops reviewed, I believe, amounted to 20,000. After passing the Sovereigns, they dispersed in different directions, towards their several quarters, in such a manner

as not to create inconvenience, by being crowded into any particular part of the city.

“A magnificent spectacle for us,” said Sir Walter, as we walked home to the Hotel Bourbon, “whatever the inhabitants of the good city of Paris may think of it. They have not, indeed, turned out in great numbers to witness the exhibition,—and no wonder. It must give them, one would think, a feeling of oppression extremely painful—a sort of squeezing sensation, as one may say—to see all those soldiers parading in triumph through the streets of the town, and those interminable trains of artillery jolting over the stones:—sad, indeed, for *la gloire Nationale*.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Temple—The Fountain of the Elephant—Debure's Library
—Benedictine Collection of French Historians—The Monastery.

September 1st.—I accompanied Sir Walter to several spots in Paris, which had been rendered remarkable either by the events of late years, or during the revolution.*

We visited the place where the Temple formerly stood. It is in the garden of a private

* Our friends, Mr. Pringle and Mr. Bruce, left Paris about this time, on a tour to Switzerland.

house, and the plan of the building was marked out by cords on a grass plat.

In the house was a model of the prison, with several figures, representing the members of the Royal Family in France, during their confinement in 1792,—a singular and melancholy exhibition.

The Temple was demolished by Buonaparte in 1805; it has been said, from a certain ominous feeling, that he himself might one day share the fate of the unfortunate Louis, and become its inhabitant.

This precaution, perhaps, was not an imprudent one. "It at least, prevented, as I think," Sir Walter observed, "the possibility of any one taking a fancy to make good the presentiment."

We then drove to the Place de la Bastille, to see the model of the colossal Elephant, which Napoleon intended to have placed in a grand marble basin in its centre.

This was to have been cast in bronze, and to

have served as a fountain, discharging through the trunk a vast jet of water. In one of the legs of the animal was a turnpike stair, six feet in diameter, from which an idea may be formed of the dimensions of the monster.*

No one understood better than Napoleon what was best calculated to please the taste of the French people. His public works—designed sometimes with good taste, sometimes with bad—were always planned in such a manner as was likely to flatter the national vanity, and to produce some striking effect by their vastness or singularity; often to divert the attention of the public from measures of a less palatable or harmless description.

We visited, in the course of the day, the library of M. Debure, in the Rue Serpente, well known as bookseller to the King and the Biblio-

* Instead of the Elephant, a Doric column has been erected, which exceeds in height that in the Place Vendôme; on its summit is a statue representing the Genius of France.

thèque Royale, and to whom Sir Walter had been recommended, as possessing the best collection in Paris of works connected with the history of France. We were ushered into a large room, looking into the garden at the back of the house; and the proprietor civilly offered to show us whatever works we might consider most worthy of examination.

Several of the rarer books were brought from a smaller apartment. After inspecting some of the valuable specimens contained in this extensive store-house of learning, Sir Walter made a few purchases—including, if I recollect right, a description of Paris, in several volumes, recommended by M. Chevalier; an old book of legends; together with another piece of antiquity on magic, on which subject there is so remarkable a collection of strange-looking tomes in his library; also a copy of Molière, edited by M. Bret.

Among the many costly books shewn us, he

noticed particularly the collection of French Historians, by the Benedictine monks, in many volumes, folio, with much attention; and this work I afterwards perceived in his study at Abbotsford.

The reader will not be surprised, that on the appearance of the Monastery, in 1821, the perusal of the following passage, in the introduction to the novel, should have immediately brought to my recollection our visit to M. Debure.—

The obliging and learned Captain Clutterbuck is seated in the George Inn, at Kennaquhair, over his glass of negus, in company with his still more learned friend clad in grey—the worthy Benedictine monk, who had come to search for the remains of his revered ancestors, the last abbot of St. Mary's.

In the course of their conversation, reference is made to the habits and manners of the monks, and to the injury which the order had sustained

from the extravagance in which they had indulged; “‘and yet,’ continues the Benedictine, ‘we have seen the revenues of convents expended, not only in acts of beneficence and hospitality to individuals, but in works of general and permanent advantage to the world at large. The noble folio collection of French historians, commenced in 1737, under the inspection, and at the expense of the community of St. Maur, will long show that the revenues of the Benedictines were not always spent in self-indulgence; and that the members of that order, did not uniformly slumber in sloth and indolence, when they had discharged the formal duties of their rule.’ As I knew nothing earthly at the time about the community of St. Maur, and their learned labours, I could only return a humbling assent to this proposition.

“I have since seen that noble work in the library of a distinguished family; and I must now, I am ashamed to confess that in so wealthy a community as ours, a similar digest of our his-

torians should not be undertaken, under the patronage of the noble and the learned, in rivalry of that which the Benedictines of Paris executed at the expense of their own conventual funds."

CHAPTER XXV.

**Baron Denon's Collection—Egyptian Antiquities—Papyrus—
Busts of Napoleon and King of Rome—Pictures—Medals—
Prints—Blucher in the Louvre.**

Sept. 2nd.—We were indebted to our kind friend, M. Chevalier, for an introduction to Baron Denon, who showed us his valuable collection with much politeness. We were ushered into an apartment towards the back of the house, in which were several pictures by ancient and modern artists; and were conducted by the Baron to the suite of rooms facing the river, in which the greater part of his treasures

are deposited. The saloons are of various dimensions, in general well lighted, and excellently adapted for the exhibition of his museum. Probably no collector in every respect so well qualified, both by his natural good taste and skill in antiquarian research, to take advantage of the opportunities presented to him, ever possessed so many favourable ones as this celebrated connoisseur.

I shall briefly mention a few of the antiquities and works of art in his possession, which I find I have noted as most remarkable.

The Phœnician and Egyptian antiquities, and several specimens of writing on Papyrus, were, I believe, in the rooms to which we were first taken by the proprietor. Also, several busts; and in particular, an excellent one of Voltaire, in Terra Cotta, which struck me as being no less lively and satirical in its expression, than the portrait I afterwards saw of him at Ferney.

There were also a small statue of Napoleon—

a colossal bust of the same—one of the King of Rome, by Canova. The Baron's own bust was a very exact and animated likeness.

Among the pictures was a *Moonlight*, by Claude; the only specimen of a night scene by that artist I had ever seen.

In a small room was a profile of Parmegiano.

The portrait of Vittore Pisani, of Verona, is a very early specimen of oil painting: it is hard, but expressive; and one cannot doubt for a moment that it must be an accurate resemblance. Pisani, it is well known, was the restorer of the art of coining medals, and was employed by Pope Clement VII. to execute designs for his coins. In the advancement of this branch of art, no one has of late years done more than Baron Denon himself; the celebrated suite of the Napoleon medals having been completed under his superintendence, by M. Andrien

In the Baron's bed-room were some pictures by Watteau, and various beautiful enamels of himself and others. I believe, indeed, that we observed in the collection no less than six or seven portraits of the proprietor.

His collection of prints by Marc Antonio, Rembrandt, &c. is, I believe, considered as peculiarly valuable.

We had every reason to be gratified with the attention shewn us by M. Denon, and could not help sympathising in the vexation he must have endured at the time of our visit to Paris, in consequence of the removal of the works of art.

The justice of the measure, it is impossible to deny; but to those who were more immediately concerned, this exertion of the "droit du plus fort" must have been extremely painful. The laconic reply of Blucher to the claims advanced by Denon for a picture, which he endeavoured to prove had not formed part of the

plunder of the Dresden gallery, is well known. The Marshal turned to his attendants, and after a few moments' consultation, cut short the argument with the simple phrase, "Tais toi—
otez le."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Excursion to Malmaison and St. Cloud—Verses on Waterloo—
Josephine's Garden and Chateau—Regard entertained for
her—St. Cloud—Capitulation of Paris—Gardens—Scott's
Verses on St. Cloud.

WE accompanied Lady —— and a party, a few days before we left Paris, to Malmaison and St. Cloud. Sir Walter and I arrived at the place of rendezvous a little before our time; and while we waited for the others, I had an example of the remarkable powers of memory with which he was gifted. An officer of rank had recited to him some very elegant verses, which he had composed on the events of the

great day, when "the astonished Eagle" was compelled to crouch beneath a superior power.

Such was the impression that the poem had made on his mind, that every verse was retained by him as perfectly as if he had had the book before him.

At the same time he repeated to me the commencement of the wild and imaginative poem, in which the fatal choosers of the slain are supposed to select their victims from the ranks of the combatants on the night before the battle. I shall never forget the tone and manner in which, (with the low impressive voice he recited poetry) he began:—

"Night and morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo ;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting—
Faint and low they crew.
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount St. John;
Tempest clouds prolonged the sway
Of timeless darkness over day.
Whirlwind, thunderclap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour ;

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Broad and frequent through the night,
Flash'd the sheets of levin light:
Musquets, glancing lightnings back,
Shewed the dreary bivouack,
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drenched with rain,
Wishing morn were come again,
Tho' death should come with day."*

The day was delightfully spent among the groves of Josephine's charming villa. Great taste was displayed in laying out the walks and shrubberies of her Jardin Anglais; and the amiable character of the possessor, of whose memory every one in the neighbourhood spoke with the highest respect, gave a feeling of much interest to the place of her abode.

The public rooms of the Chateau were very pleasant and elegant apartments, and were ornamented with several statues, placed on pedestals in the centre of the room. Canova's Hebe, one of the most fascinating efforts of modern sculpture, above all attracted our attention. On a table was the largest Cameo I have ever seen.

* This was first published in 1816.

We remarked also an excellent bust of Denon, by the great Italian artist.

We left Malmaison in the afternoon, to dine at St. Cloud.

In this favourite abode of Napoleon, where, on the 18th and 19th of Brumaire,* those events had taken place, which placed at his command the destinies of France, the capitulation of Paris had, but a few weeks before, been signed by the allied generals and the French authorities. It may therefore be supposed, that from the general anxiety to behold the place whence had issued those "bloody instructions" so fatal to the peace of Europe, but

" Which being taught, return
To plague the inventor ;"

and also from the picturesque beauty of the environs, a great influx of visitors was daily assembled at the palace.

On the evening of our visit, the fine view from the terrace was seen to great advantage, lighted

* November 10th, 1799.

as it was by a rich autumnal sunset. The nature of the ground, however, at least according to English ideas, is not so well suited to the formal style in which the garden near the Chateau is laid out, as the level park of Versailles.

We dined at the Hotel, and returned from our agreeable day's excursion at a late hour. One of the ladies of the party was a good musician, and favoured us with several very pleasing songs, both at Malmaison and St. Cloud.

In the course of our walk on the Boulevards next morning, when alluding to the skill of the fair vocalist, and the obliging manner in which she had contributed to our amusement, Sir Walter expressed the gratification he had received from the society of these and other distinguished friends, in the various excursions to Montmorency, Versailles, &c., which he had made with them during his visit to Paris. At St. Cloud, he had been much struck with hearing the points of war sounded by the bugles of the troops stationed near it; and repeated to me a few lines,

as he said, which had occurred to him as a sort of remembrance of his evenings at St. Cloud.*

“Soft spread the southern summer night

Her veil of darksome blue ;

Ten thousand stars combined to light

The terrace of St. Cloud

* * * * *

The drum’s deep roll was heard afar,

The bugle wildly blew ;

Good night to Hulan and Hussar,

That garrison St. Cloud.”

* See Poetical Works, vol 11th.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Hotel of the Princess P. Borghese—French Noblesse during the Empire—Anecdote of Napoleon—Party at Lord Castlereagh's—Last day in Paris—Farewell Visits—Palais Royal.

ON the 7th September, we went to the Hotel of the British Embassy for our passports, and were introduced to the private apartments by one of the secretaries. These had been superbly furnished by Princess Pauline Borghese; and afforded, on the whole, a favorable example of the taste that prevailed during the reign of Napoleon.

The green velvet, and gold embroidery which glittered on the walls of one apartment—the pier-glasses and enamelled clocks, in which the hour was indicated by the scythe of old Time on a sphere of enamel—all displayed that love of shew and extravagance in which the grantees of the Emperor's court endeavoured to outshine each other.

Their vast incomes (the fruits of their robberies), Napoleon wished to be laid out in extending as much as possible the influence of his partisans; and he gave every encouragement to whatever might have the effect of increasing their popularity. A large expenditure in keeping up the splendour of the court, was evidently the best substitute that could be found for the influence possessed by hereditary nobility, and for the respect and attachment entertained for long established families.

This influence, however, Buonaparte also endeavoured to obtain, whenever he could avail himself of a favourable opportunity. Young

persons of good family, he wished, if possible, to be allied by marriage to his newly created nobles, and held out every inducement to promote such connexions.

I was informed by an officer, of a characteristic instance of an attempt of the kind, in which, however, the imperial match-maker was unable to carry into effect his intentions.

The anecdote had been related to my friend by the party himself. The young nobleman in question, had served with the Emperor, and although not of high rank in the army, had, on account of his fortune and family, enjoyed a certain degree of favour at court. This kindness, he remarked, was by degrees more largely vouchsafed ; and many opportunities were presented to the Marquis of becoming intimate with the select party at the Thuilleries.

The cause of this increase of regard was soon apparent. Napoleon, one forenoon, informed the young gentleman, that he was now of an age which rendered it advisable that he

should lose no time in selecting a spouse, and recommended a young lady, whom he frequently saw about the Empress, as an eligible object of affection. The Marquis, however, begged leave to decline the proposed honour, and excused himself under the plea of a previous engagement. This, however, was not considered as sufficient, and several remonstrances were urged against such unnecessary scruples. When Napoleon found that all his arguments were vain, his wrath became extreme—he lost all temper—he clenched his fist, and shook it in the face of the youth, saying, at the same time,—“*Quoi ! vous me refusez, donc—vous me refusez, donc !*” and stormed in the most furious manner.

The good blood and fortitude of the young man, however, appear to have befriended him in this emergency, and enabled him to maintain his ground. Nor, as I understood, was the anger of His Majesty attended with consequences so serious as might have been expected.

The control, however, maintained by Napo-

leon over the alliances of his courtiers, was often extremely arbitrary. Their validity, indeed, was not by any means secure, unless expressly sanctioned by the Imperial authority—and many were the hungry dependants who were provided for by these matrimonial connexions.

* * * * *

We bade farewell to the gaieties of Paris, at an assembly given by Lady Castlereagh, which was attended by most of the leaders of the corps diplomatique.

Of the many celebrated characters present, none appeared to me more distinguished for elegance and dignity of deportment, than the noble entertainer himself—none who gave a more complete idea of the gentleman, or more decidedly bore the stamp of a person

“Whom one would willingly call master.”

Among the company, was the celebrated Canova, whose claims in behalf of his country

now received more attention than had at first been paid to them by Talleyrand, and other French authorities.

Prussia and the Netherlands had already succeeded in recovering their spoils; and by the end of September, the treasures belonging to the Italian States were again restored to their native soil, from one which seemed little adapted to the growth of such products, and had scarcely been rendered more fertile by their introduction.

The showy style in which the apartments were furnished, appeared to greater advantage when lighted up for the gaieties of the evening, than in the forenoon;—a period of the twenty-four hours, probably, held in slight esteem by the fair princess who had possession of the mansion, and during which she would, in all likelihood, consider it as a matter of little consequence what might be the effect of the decorations.

* * * *

September 8th., was the last day we spent in Paris, and was employed in farewell visits, and preparations for our journey. One of the first, of course, was to our friend M. Chevalier, of whom we took leave with much gratitude for the kindness and attention he had shown during our stay, and to which we had been indebted for admission to many interesting sights that could not otherwise have been obtained.

In the course of the forenoon, Sir Walter and I separated, for the purpose of saying adieu to our respective acquaintances, and of executing such commissions as might occur. Before long, however, I confess that I found myself gradually approaching to the centre of that most fascinating place of resort, the Palais Royal, anxious no doubt to have a last look of the shops of the bijoutiers and marchands des modes, which rendered it so attractive to foreigners.

While I was busily staring at one of those tempting windows, I perceived my fellow-

traveller at no great distance, employed exactly in a similar manner; and so attentive, indeed, was our examination of the shops, that we were not aware of our near neighbourhood, until within a few yards of each other.

On our meeting, Sir Walter, after a hearty laugh, exclaimed, "Well, there's no use in saying anything about the matter. *Your* visits don't seem to have occupied much more time than my *own*, and here we are, in the very midst of temptation, like a couple of moths, as we are. The last day in a town like this, is certainly a very dangerous one, without any Palais Royal; what must it be here, then?"

On comparing notes, however, it did not, I believe, appear that we had been very extravagant; and after selecting a few souvenirs de Paris, we walked along the Passage Vivienne, towards the Boulevards. It was in a tobacconist's in the arcade, if I recollect right, that Scott observed a snuff-box of a pattern then

much in fashion—representing the cross-cut of a small tree, in which the veins and knots were carefully imitated. On seeing it, he immediately stopped, saying, “We must not forget Tom Purdie, by-the-bye—this is the very thing for him.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Tal.— But ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me :
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

Tal. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I read
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field and vanquished his foes :
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast !
Then be it so—Heavens keep old Bedford safe !

FIRST PART, HENRY VI. ACT. III. SC. II.

Departure from Paris—Marli—St. Germain en Laye—Louviere—
Landlady of the Inn—French Females.

ON the 9th September, we rose at five o'clock, with the view of reaching Rouen that night, on our way to Dieppe ; and much were we provoked to find our laquais, la Rue, had failed to secure us horses at the appointed hour. The capital of Normandy was, for many reasons, a place where it was desirable to halt.

There are few cities in France which can be compared to it, either in respect of situation, or architectural beauty ; and to Scott especially it presented many objects of interest.

"In this late betrayed town,
Great Cœur de Lion's heart was buried ;"

Here also was interred

"The noble Duke of Bedford,"

the celebrated Regent of France, than whom

"A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler spirit never swayed in court."

The minor consideration, also, of a comfortable hotel in a principal town, at a time when the

multitude of troops scattered over the country rendered it difficult to obtain accommodation, was not to be overlooked. We were aware that from our delay in leaving Paris, we could not get to Rouen, and must necessarily stop at some point where we could have little expectation of meeting with comfortable quarters.

The fineness of the day, and the beauty of our drive, however, restored our equanimity. We passed through Marli* and St. Germain, where we paused to look at the palace. I was aware

* Scott's additional words to the song.

“ Bannocks of beer meal,
Bannocks of barley;
Here's to the lads
That eat bannocks of barley;”

may be recollected by his friends; I know not if they were ever published.

“ Wno is't keeps guard
At Versailles and at Marli?
Who but the lads
That eat bannocks of barley?”

that we should pass this ancient abode of the house of Stuart, and was of course anxious to hear what the supposed author of Waverley might say on the occasion. He did not entirely pass over the subject, and mentioned one or two well-known anecdotes respecting the family. The topic, however, was evidently one to which he was unwilling to refer, and I therefore forbore to press it so much as I confess I felt *inclined* to do.

We admired the extensive view from the terrace; and could not help wondering at the preference given by Louis XIV. to the comparatively dull situation of Versailles—"the favourite without merit," as it was called by the wits of the court.

The palace had been converted by Napoleon into a military college, to which many young men, of late years especially, were introduced on his recommendation, without much consideration being given to the wishes or inclination of either the pupils or their friends. The build-

ing, from its heavy design and neglected state, certainly bore a considerably greater resemblance to a state prison than a palace.

It was dark before we reached Louviers, where we were obliged to stop ; and, as we anticipated, the inn was poor and comfortless. We resolved to start as early as possible, in order to breakfast at Rouen, and ordered our bill before going to bed. It was immoderate. Our “pieds de cochon à la St. Menehould,” to which we had been treated much against our will, were charged at a rate that was provoking in the extreme; and Scott, not usually easily vexed, remonstrated more fluently, as he himself said, than he had ever done in the French language. But as usual on such occasions, we had the worst of it, and were obliged to submit to our sulky landlady. Scott’s revenge ended in his saying, “Eh bien, Madame, vous pouvez attendre une visite des allies en peu de jours. Je vous assure que les *Prussiens* ne vous payeront pas ainsi.” “C’est possible, Monsieur,” was the reply of the landlady, whose impertur-

bable sang-froid it was impossible to get the better of—and some hints were thrown out, with much politeness of manner, that Monsieur could not regret that some “petit soulagement,” should be afforded by *us*, for the probable distresses to which he alluded.

When Madame left the room, Scott observed how hazardous it was to attempt anything in a foreign language beyond the usual routine of conversation. “It continually happens,” said he, “that you either fail to give the intended effect to what you wish to say, or not unfrequently miss the mark entirely; in short, you say not what you *wish*, but what you *can*.”

There was a considerable noise and some quarrelling in the court-yard of the inn, to which our room opened by a corridor that went round the building. We had not been long asleep, when we were awakened by a noise of some one attempting to get into the room. Our pistols were as usual in readiness, and we started up, fully prepared to defend ourselves

a l'outrance against the intruders who should attempt to approach. Our peremptory demand of "Qu' est ce que c'est," was replied to by a gentleman, who apologised as being a stranger and an Englishman, and had mistaken the number of his apartment.

When we started next morning, which we did at an early hour, in order to have as much time as possible to bestow on Rouen, and get away from our inn, we agreed that it was a great pity so much good courage as we had no doubt displayed, should have been thrown away to so little purpose.

Our dispute with Madame must be considered as an exception to our usual good fortune. Whoever indeed has travelled in France, cannot fail to acknowledge the charm of that natural elegance, that good-humoured cheerfulness and politesse de cœur for which the manners of the females are so eminently distinguished. The compliment so deservedly paid by Voltaire to

the "Dames de Paris," may, I believe, unquestionably admit of a more general application.

" Etudiez leur gout, vous trouverez chez elles
De l'esprit sans effort des graces naturelles,
De l'art de converser les naïves douceurs,
L' honnête liberté qui reforma nos mœurs,
Et tous les agremens que souvent Polymnie,
Dedaigna d'accorder aux hommes de genie."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Rouen—Cathedral—Tombs—French Cabarets—Dieppe—French and English Passengers—The Director of the Winds—Brighton—Brown Wiggel—Dramatic Performances of Scott and his Friends—Arrival in London.

WE had a delightful drive along the banks of the Seine to Rouen, which we found full of British troops, with whom Scott, as usual, immediately entered into conversation. When we reached the south transept of the Cathedral, we found the space in front of it filled with people, the women in their largest and loftiest caucheoises, caps, and vast ear-rings, as it was a holi-

day. When we entered the magnificent portal, we found the service was going on in presence of the Cardinal Archbishop. The interior did not accord in magnificence with the outside, chiefly, however, owing to the bad taste of later times rather than to that of the original architects. The nave and lantern are handsome, and well lighted, but the introduction of an Ionic colonnade in the screen, and the Grecian style of the transepts, have a very bad effect, and are by no means suited to the general character of the building.

It was impossible to escape from the impertinence of guides to the Tower of Amboise,* which I ascended, while Scott walked about the church, and was well rewarded by the fineness of the view.

* The Tour d'Amboise is, I believe, better known by the name of the "Butter Tower." This it acquired from the circumstance that a portion of the expense of its erection was derived from indulgences granted to pious persons who were anxious to eat a little butter during Lent.—See *Winkie's Foreign Cathedrals*.

Three inscriptions on the wall behind the high altar record the fact that the heart of Richard I. of England was buried in the Cathedral, and also the bodies of the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, and Henry, the brother of the King. The first is as follows :

Cor Ricardi Regis Angliæ
Normanniæ Ducis cor Leonis dicti
Obiit Anno MCXCIX.

The tomb of Bedford was defaced it appears by the Huguenots in 1470, and had been afterwards replaced. To one of the pillars of the church near his grave, had been affixed a brass plate, on which were engraved the arms of Bedford within a garter, having a single ostrich feather on each side of it. This memorial in its turn was destroyed during the Revolution, when the Cathedral was insulted by the appellation of the Temple of Reason.

We inspected the Palais de Justice, one of the finest buildings in the city, and the statue

of the celebrated Pucelli, more briefly than could have been wished; but I was unwilling to detain my fellow traveller, who had become impatient to get home, after an absence to him so unusual.

When we were within a stage or two of Dieppe, I recollect being struck with an instance of the liveliness with which Scott entered into any idea that caught his fancy. "Well," said he, all of a sudden, "I believe *here is* the cottage at last," pointing to a pretty little cabaret on the side of a hill we were ascending. I did not at first understand what he alluded to: but on the name of the venerable Abbess of Andouillets being mentioned, I recollected that in passing through French Flanders an agreement had been made to be on the look-out for the little tempting cabaret described in her Reverence's journey to the hot-baths of Bourbon.

The following will occur to the reader as the passage to which I refer:—"The day had been

sultry, the evening was delicious, the wine was generous, the Burgundian hill on which it grew was steep; a little tempting bush over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, swung vibrating in harmony with the passions; a gentle air rustled distinctly through the leaves, 'Come, come, thirsty muleteer, come in.'"

Our last evening in the territory of Belle France was particularly delightful, and the finely diversified country between Rouen and Dieppe appeared to the greatest advantage. On our arrival at that seaport, we found that a packet was to sail to Brighton at a late hour in the evening, and in this we accordingly took our passage.

After a short walk through the town, we went on board, and sat on deck, while several parties of our fellow passengers entered the vessel; the quiet and silent manner in which the English disposed of their persons and luggage formed a strong contrast with the bustle of the foreigners who came on board. A young

Frenchman was accompanied to the side of the ship by several friends, who had evidently just risen from table. His portmanteau was hoisted up by a porter and a commissionaire, as a ragged little boy was designated, with the utmost care, while the traveller himself received a hundred accolades, so rapidly and vigorously bestowed, that what with the bustle of departure and the champagne, in which success to his voyage no doubt had been heartily drunk, the young gentleman had altogether rather a bewildered expression of countenance. Scott was much amused with the group, and whispered to me, "Our fellow passenger looks almost as if he could say with poor King John to Faulconbridge, when he comes to comfort him in his sickness, "Oh, cousin! thou art come to *set* mine eye." The shouts of adieu when he got on deck were so loud, as fairly to get the better of our gravity.

Our passage was beyond measure tedious, notwithstanding the exertions of a crazy man on

board, who had formerly been a seaman, and imagined, that like the witch in Macbeth, he could "give us wind" whenever any aid of the kind was required; his plan for effecting his purpose was very simple;—he fastened a ring by a screw on the covered entry to the cabin, through which he directed a pair of bellows exactly opposite to the main sail, and whenever the sheet flapped, or any complaint was made of the slowness of our rate, he began working the bellows with all his might and main, until he could work no more, assisting the labour by occasionally blowing with his mouth against the sail; when any slight effect was visible from the accidental filling of the canvass, he expressed the utmost delight, imputing it all to his own merits; and on the other hand, was no less mortified and angry when his efforts did not appear to succeed as they deserved;—his patience was sadly tried during the voyage, but his arguments and explanations of the causes of failure, often shewed considerable ingenuity;

and one of the sailors was actually so foolish as to lose his temper while disputing with this viceroy of Eolus, from having rather the want of it (as the company shewed by their laughter) in the course of the argument.

When at length we came within sight of Brighton, our speed improved for a time, and by some fortunate chance we succeeded in reaching the shore a short time before another vessel bound for the same point. This was a great triumph to our friend: he appealed to Sir Walter, whose good humour and kindness it may be supposed had more than once been shown to the poor fellow—"vous voyez, Monsieur," pointing to the ship, "I have not, it is true, for this once been successful in securing so favourable a passage as could have been wished, but I have evidently prevented that vessel from getting before us, and I'll make sure of that advantage, you may depend on it;"—on which he renewed his severe labours with redoubled energy, till the moment we reached our desti-

nation. This we did not succeed in accomplishing till the morning of the 12th of September, after having been nearly forty hours at sea.

There was no chain pier at Brighton in those days, and we were under the necessity of being carried ashore on the shoulders of a couple of sailors. One of the first persons we met on the beach, where, as usual, a crowd of loungers was collected to watch the arrivals from France, was a well-known London friend, who kindly invited us to dinner; this hospitable proposal was in every respect agreeable, especially as from the slender stock of provisions laid in by the proprietors of the packet, our provender for the last day or two had been extremely scanty, consisting, I believe, chiefly of oysters and vin ordinaire.

I never saw Scott in better spirits than the day we arrived, it seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure to find himself once more in his own country, and he constantly looked

forward to the day when he should return to Abbotsford. As usual, when in good spirits, he recurred to the days of his youth, and recounted several anecdotes of his companions. I recollect his alluding to a certain macer of the court, who seemed frequently to afford a subject of mirth to the young advocates, and who was dignified by the title of "brown wiggel." He also described certain favourite dramatic performances, occasionally got up by himself and his friends, Clerk, Ferguson, &c., at each others houses, in which so many of the party conducted the business of the stage, while the rest represented the audience;—Scott, himself, I think, was generally engaged in the former department of the exhibition, while Clerk and others figured as the critics of the pit, and Ferguson enacted both music and the divinities of the gallery.

Next day we reached London, where we established ourselves at Long's Hotel in Bond Street.

CHAPTER XXX.

Pictures of Mr. C. Mathews—Visit to Lord Byron—Mr Murray's
—Dinner at Long's with Lord Byron, &c.—Parting of Scott and
Byron—Departure from London for Leamington with Mr.
Mathews.

September 14.—I had intended to take leave of my travelling companion on reaching London, for the purpose of visiting some friends in the neighbourhood, but was induced, as may be supposed without much difficulty, to alter this intention, and accompany Scott to the north.

He had been informed by his friend Mr. Terry, in the course of the morning, that Charles Mathews intended to go that very afternoon to Leamington where he was to perform his budget. Scott eager to get across the border, expressed a wish to accompany him, and as an additional inducement, proposed that we should take Derbyshire in our way, instead of adhering to the dull and well-known stages of the north road; we therefore called on Mr. Mathews, and the arrangement was agreed on.

This celebrated comedian was then engaged in forming a collection of pictures, on subjects connected with theatrical affairs, and had obtained many curious portraits of celebrated performers by Zoffani and other well-known artists. I recollect one of Garrick in *Macbeth*, and also in *Othello*, in which he was habited in a single-breasted coat edged with lace, an attire certainly by no means suited to the taste of modern times, and which gave him the appearance of being the representative of the black servant

Mungo, in the farce, rather than of the Moor of Venice.

Scott afterwards took me with him to call on Lord Byron, whom we did not find at home, and after a short visit to his lady, proceeded by her direction to Albemarle Street, in hopes of finding him at Mr. Murray's; in this however we were disappointed, and after a short stay at this rendezvous of the learned, where we found several gentlemen assembled, I left Sir Walter for a time, in order to prepare for our unexpected departure. On meeting him an hour or two afterwards at the hotel, where Messrs. Mathews and Terry were engaged to meet us at dinner, I found that Lord Byron was also to be of the party.

I need not say how much I was struck with the appearance of that celebrated individual, then in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and certainly one of the handsomest men I have ever seen.—“Of his face” says his biographer, “the beauty may be pronounced to have been

of the highest order, as combining at once regularity of features with the most varied and interesting expression." His eyes of a light colour, fringed with dark eye lashes, though keen and bright, had not, I think, a very pleasing expression. Those of Scott, shrouded by his large eye brows, possessed fully as much power, and far more benevolence. His dark hair clustered beautifully over his noble forehead, and contrasted well with the remarkable paleness of his countenance; his dress was plain, but very *recherché*; his neckcloth, as usual, very small; the only ornament he wore was a massive watch chain, and a large bunch of small seals.

His demeanour was courteous and dignified, worthy both of his rank and celebrity. High as my expectations had been raised by the common voice of fame, the impression produced by his actual presence surpassed what I think it was possible for any portrait or description to convey.

There were, no doubt, occasions when that bitterness often too apparent in his works, was sufficiently manifest, as he himself expresses it,—"I fear he had some little turn for satire;" but this rather gleamed forth at intervals, than characterized the general style of his behaviour.

Scott, as may be supposed, was the principal spokesman of the party, every one being naturally desirous to have his account of the many remarkable scenes and persons he had so recently visited; his distinguished friend listened with sincere respect and pleasure, although the success of the Bourbons was not, certainly, a theme in which he took much delight. Notwithstanding the glorious triumph of the British armies at Waterloo, the cause in which they had engaged was not one to which he wished well, and somewhat of the tone and feeling afterwards expressed in the notes* to Childe

* "The field around Mount St Jean and Huguemont," says he, "appears to want little but a better cause, and that indefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around

Harold, was occasionally perceptible. In any individual instances of British valour and prowess that were alluded to, he took much interest, and asked many questions respecting friends who had been present at the battle, or were then in Paris. I perfectly remember his alluding with much feeling, to the loss of the Honourable Colonel Howard, whose fate is so exquisitely described in the well-known verses in Childe Harold.

Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his Sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
And his was of the bravest,—and when showered
The death bolt's deadliest the thinned files along,
Even when the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young
gallant Howard.

a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all these, except perhaps the last mentioned (Marathon).—Notes to Childe Harold.
Canto III.

In a different spirit, certainly, was the remark he made on the death of an officer, for whom he seemed to entertain slight respect.

I recollect, also, when I mentioned our having been informed of some commotions, I believe in Languedoc, connected with religious subjects, in which blows had already been exchanged, and three persons killed, he replied with a fixed look,—“What, only three?”

Scott and Byron parted, and it was for the last time, evidently with much feeling of mutual regard; and I felt convinced, from the respect entertained by the latter for his great contemporary, that he was of all persons the most likely to have had influence in soothing the irritated feelings of the wayward Childe, and bringing his actions more under the controul of his better judgment.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mail-Coach Hour—Dunstable—Mr. Mathews and the Porter—
The Parrot—Leamington—The Wee Wify—The Budget—
Imitations of Cooke, &c.—Warwick Castle—Mrs. Hume—The
Figures in Armour animated—Sir Walter's Story of the Scotch-
woman and Lord M——.

THE party concluded much earlier than I .
could have wished, as we were obliged to set
out on our hasty journey to the north. We
left London in company with Mr. Mathews
about six o'clock, and travelled till a late hour,
when we reached Dunstable. Our companion
was very amusing, and the more so as Sir Wal-

ter, with that tact and good manners which distinguished him, avoided anything that might have the appearance of an attempt to draw out his talents. Our day's exertions, however, at length had begun to tell upon us, and an occasional dose overtook most of the party some time before we reached our destination for the night. Just as we entered Dunstable, we were aroused by a low sound of a mail-coach horn, and on being more fully awakened, we found that it was our companion Mathews himself who was the performer, and thus gave notice of our having completed our stage. Scott declared that he had at first some idea that he was actually seated in the mail. The imitation was certainly perfect.

We agreed to start at an early hour in the morning, as Mr. Mathews wished to reach Leamington in sufficient time to prepare for his entertainment, and were accordingly called before six o'clock.

The carriage was at the door, and Scott and

myself were quite ready to set out, but no Mr. Mathews appeared; and when I accompanied the waiter to his room, he had evidently just been aroused from slumber. He was annoyed at our being kept waiting, as it was on his account entirely that we had risen so early, and found much fault with the porter, whom, he said, he had especially directed to awaken him in good time, and on no account to forget making plenty of noise, and using all endeavours to rouse him up. The latter injunction he asserted had not been properly fulfilled, and rated him for not attending to his instructions. "I told you, my man, to make sure to have me up, as I am the most sleepyheaded fellow in the world."—"Well, sir, I assure you I did all I could," replied the porter; "and what is more, you answered me when I called you." "I dare say I did: but I might be as sound as a top for all that. I am sure I gave you sufficient warning about the matter, but it is always the same." He was now at the door of

the inn, and all the people who were up standing round the chaise. "This is the way they waken me, say what I like. They walk up to the door of my room *this way*,"—he then walked up to the door of the house on his tip-toes as if terrified to make the least noise,—“and they tap at the door *thus*,”—tapping with his forefinger and thumb so lightly that a mouse would not have been startled with the summons—“and then they run off *this way*,”—tripping away—“gingerly, as if treading on eggs, like Cuddie Headrigg at the pantry window of Tillie-tudlem, and that’s what they call awakening a man; the most provoking thing in the world. I am really very sorry to have kept you so long merely on my account.” The surprise and amusement among the postillions and chambermaids, who formed our companion’s audience, was prodigious. They evidently thought they had a very singular and funny gentleman as their lodger, though I do not believe they had the slightest idea who he was.

In the court-yard of the inn where we stopped to breakfast was a parrot, an especial favourite among the stable men. Mathews immediately addressed his brother mimic, and uttered so very strange a collection of sounds, that the bird was struck dumb with surprise at finding itself as it would seem so much exceeded in its own way by everything that he did. It turned first one eye to our companion, and then the other, as much as to say, "What a curious bird you are;" but made no attempt in the way of a reply.

We arrived at Leamington at an early hour; the Bedford at that time was nearly at the edge of the town: its great rival, the Regent Hotel, had not risen up on the opposite side of the way, and the fine trees and green fields around it, rendered this hotel one of the most delightful summer quarters in England.

Mr. Mathews was somewhat nervous about performing in the presence of Scott,* especially

* We had a slight instance of that sensitiveness and tendency

with respect to the character of the "wee wee body." "The auld Scotchwoman and the minister wi' his three-cocked hat in the shoor of rain, I know you will think nothing of it," he said, "absolutely nothing, after 'John Ballantyne; in fact, I am ashamed of it myself, when I think of his way of telling the story. "Ye'll be dry eneuch there," is quite beyond me, but I must attempt it."

In truth, he was rather apprehensive of not having a successful evening, as, I believe, he was not very well known in the place. The house, however, was well filled. The *auld* woman was very favourably received; his Frenchman we thought capital, and the Packet we *felt* to be a perfectly *faithful* delineation.

On his return to supper, Mathews was in high spirits, though he would not give credit to

to occasional fits of low spirits to which Mathews was said to be subject, for a short time during next morning; but the good-humour of Scott restored him to his usual gaiety, and the cloud passed over very quickly.

Scott's assurance of the "wee wify" being excellent. He gave us several good imitations, anecdotes of George Cooke and Incledon, the latter of whom seemed to afford constant food for the wit of his associates. His description of Cooke having on some occasion got drunk while performing Petruchio, and taking a dislike to Grumio, was very well given. So severe had been his castigation of the serving man during the piece, that the performer threatened vengeance, and the parties were with difficulty prevented from settling the quarrel in their stage dresses. At another time, Cooke had seen some one in the pit dare to hiss him during one of those explanations about his *hoarseness*, his *old* complaint, as he styled it, and otherwise better known by the term intoxication, which he was too frequently compelled to make. He immediately came forward, and holding up his finger, shook it at the offender with that sardonic grin with which he used to express more powerfully than any one else the malignant hatred of Shylock or Sir Giles.

Sept. 15th.—We* went to see Warwick Castle —“that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which yet remains uninjured by time.” †Mathews contrived to give Mrs. Hume, the well-known housekeeper, a private hint who her visitor was, and her civility was great. Several parties were in the castle, but the old lady declared she “*must boo*” to talent, and attend her great countryman in preference to them all. Everything was shewn which she thought likely to interest him, and also some apartment up-stairs to which I was never admitted at any other time. Scott had fortunately seen Lord Brooke at Paris; her enquiries about him, and the interest she took in the family, were so hearty and sincere, that our fellow traveller was quite charmed with our conductor, and they soon became great friends.

* When we left Leamington, several people were gathered round the door of the hotel, as it was discovered that Scott was its inhabitant.

† Kenilworth. vol. iii.

The old figures in armour in the hall were subjects so tempting to Mathews, that he could not resist enlivening them with his singular powers of voice; and sundry strange sounds were occasionally heard to issue from those ancient warriors. I do not suppose that Mrs. Hume was aware that the celebrated mimic was in the room, and did not think she approved much of the liberty taken with these grim and stately personages.

As we were sauntering down the avenue to the Castle cut between the rocks, Mathews all of a sudden turned up one of the skirts of his coat over his right shoulder, clapped his hat with the side in front well over his eyes, and pushing out his under-jaw, shuffled about an exact image of some cross and jealous Don Lopez, with a light-headed spouse, or "an obstinate daughter," who was "the plague of his life." After a hearty laugh, Scott said "You put me in mind of a story which I remember to have heard from old Lord M—.

When the women in Scotland go to church, they have a practice of turning up their gown over their head to keep their bonnets dry, and their finery from being spoiled by the rain, of which we have so lavish a supply in the north. Lord M. met one of his acquaintances of this class one chill, showery Sunday, with her gown as usual in this fashion, and said to her, "Why, Jenny, woman, by kilting up your clothes in that way over your head, you expose almost your whole body; it's just like robbing Peter to pay Paul."—"I daresay it may, my lord," replied Jenny, "but then, ye see, Peter's not cauld."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Kenilworth.—We cannot but add that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate

The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp, and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to shew what their splendour once was, and impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in contentment.—*Kenilworth*, vol. iii

Kenilworth — Ashby-de-la-Zouch — An Old Hall — Matlock — Haddon Hall — Peveril of the Peak — Castleton — Devil's Cavern — Sir Walter's Pistols — Speedwell Level — Dovedale.

FROM Leamington we went to Kenilworth,

where we were joined by Mr. Hall, a gentleman to whom Scott had been introduced, and who agreed to take part of our postchaise as far as Yorkshire.

This I believe was not Scott's first visit to those ruins, he examined them however very minutely, alluding frequently to the extreme state of decay into which they had fallen, and to the vast extent of the castle of which they gave evidence.

After walking over the whole circuit of the building and its enclosures, we bade adieu to our amusing companion, Mr. Mathews, and proceeded towards Derbyshire. Scott had more than once of late, expressed a wish to visit Ashby-de-la-Zouch,* as he said, on account of an old castle and tilting ground that was worth seeing, and also in order to pay his respects to

* I had no idea that Ashby-de-la-Zouch was destined one day to become a place of fashionable resort, of which the principal attractions were to be the virtues of the Ivanhoe baths, and the charming walks leading to the castle.

his friend, Mr. Thomas Moore, who he understood lived in the neighbourhood; what objection occurred to this arrangement I do not now recollect; the plan, however, was abandoned, and we proceeded without shipping to Matlock.

In passing through a beautiful part of the country in the evening, at no great distance from Derby, we came to a fine park, in which was a good example of an English manor house. —“Now there,” said Scott, “is a fine specimen of an ancient hall,—quite an English scene, not much picturesque beauty about it, but so soft and rich, with that hospitable old mansion embosomed among those old woods;—there is a verse of a ballad by Meikle, that seems to me to picture such a scene admirably.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

“This stanza is an old favourite of mine, and often occurs to me when I see an old place like

that." This it may be recollected, is the verse prefixed to the chapter of Kenilworth, in which Cumnor is described. The nature indeed of the hall to which it refers, presents anything rather than a picture of comfort and hospitality. Scott more than once repeated these verses, and generally with a musing air, as if they suggested ideas that afforded him pleasure.

* * * *

On the 18th of September we reached Matlock, in time to join the supper party at the Old Bath hotel. Scott was anxious to see Dovedale and the Peak, and above all, the Duke of Rutland's old mansion of Hadden Hall, on the Wye, a few miles distant from Matlock, which affords an exact idea of the style of architecture, and even of the furniture, of the eighteenth century.

As we walked up to the gate of this singular old house, at the north-west angle of the building, he immediately observed the arms of the Vernon family, who were the original pro-

prietors, with their motto of "Ver non semper vivet," in the usual style of heraldic wit, carved over the porch. Sir Walter examined every part of the hall very attentively, and as appears from a note in the last edition of *Peveril of the Peak*, borrowed the description of Lady Peveril's sitting room in the castle, which formed a convenient link "between the temporal and spiritual concerns of the establishment," from the disposition of the rooms at Haddon.*

Among the apartments which we thought most curious, were the hall with its dais and massive table, and the long gallery,† said to be floored with a single oak which grew on the

* The ladies retired after this conference with the steward, in the anti-chamber, and were soon seated in another apartment, which was peculiarly dedicated to the use of the mistress of the mansion, having on the one side access to the family bed-room, and on the other, to the still room, which communicated with the garden. There was also a small door, which ascending a few steps, led to that balcony already mentioned, that overhung the kitchen, and the same passage by a separate door, admitted to the principal gallery in the chapel.

† One hundred and ten feet by seventeen in breadth.

estate; and to which you ascend by three or four semicircular steps of a very primitive character, shaped out of its branches. Adjoining the gallery is an old bed-room, with a singular cornice, representing boars' heads and peacocks, furnished with faded tapestry, and containing a velvet bed embroidered with peacocks and coronets. Much of the furniture had been taken to Belvoir castle about a century ago, of this, however, I believe, a portion had of late years been restored, and it is to be hoped that the good taste of the proprietor may in future secure to this ancient hall the undisturbed possession of these interesting relics of past times.*

* In Lyson's account of Derbyshire, there are several engravings of the plan and elevation of Haddon Hall. He also gives a description of the Christmas hospitalities of the first Duke of Rutland, in Queen Anne's reign, since which time the glories of Haddon seem to have almost entirely ceased. A ball was given in the gallery when the Duke came of age in 1802.

We travelled over the wild district of the northern part of Derbyshire, as far as Castleton, in order to visit the wonders of the Peak.

When we crossed the Styx, as the pool of water at the entrance of the Devil's Cavern is called, I recollect Scott laughing heartily at being laid flat in the boat by which it is necessary to enter on account of the lowness of the archway.

We had the usual lights put up in the *chancel* and heard the thunder of the echo among the rocks, produced by a blast of gunpowder; Sir Walter was resolved to surprise the guardian of these dismal regions in turn, by an echo he was not prepared to expect, and fired the pistols we had carried in our pockets, in our foreign expedition, for the first and only time, determined, as he said, that they should not be loaded for nothing.

On the summit of the steep hill above the cavern, we observed the old castle,—“Peveril's

place in the Peak," a name which I had no idea would afterwards become celebrated in romance.

At no great distance from Castleton there is another of those immense cavities, "those bubbles of the earth," which are frequent in this singular county, called Speedwell mine. At the bottom of a long stair you find a boat in readiness to convey you along an arched passage, filled with water, which is cut through a rock of lime-stone. The mass is here and there penetrated by veins of lead ore, which, unfortunately had appeared so valuable, as to tempt the adventurers who opened this level, to conduct their search much farther than was prudent.

After rowing for some time in darkness, we arrived at a vast subterraneous cavern, across which an arch is built, and a platform is so placed, as to give a view of the abyss. Into this bottomless pit, as it was truly called, the rubbish of the mine had been thrown while the works were in progress, and the super-

fluos water of the level falls into it with the noise of a cataract.

After an outlay of nearly fourteen thousand pounds, the speculators were obliged to give up their attempt on reaching this gloomy cavern, as no veins of metallic ore of sufficient value to defray their expenses could be discovered. Nothing can be conceived more dismal than its appearance, when lighted up with torches, or better calculated to feed the despair of an unlucky adventurer.

We then visited Dovedale, a picturesque scene, though on a small scale, which derives its very peculiar and romantic character from the number of huge masses of rock scattered along the valley, many of them of very singular forms, beautifully fringed with ivy, and completely detached from the precipitous banks of the stream.

It was curious to observe while Scott was scrambling among the rude paths of the Dale, how completely the spirit of the man overcame

his physical imperfections. If he took a fancy to reach any particular spot, it was no ordinary difficulty that would prevent him from attaining his object. The weakness of his limb was fully compensated by the energy with which he assisted himself in his ascent up the banks, by seizing any piece of turf or projecting twig which presented itself.

From these wild and lonely scenes we proceeded to Sheffield, where we slept on the 19th of September. We were tempted to make a few purchases in Mr. Rogers's celebrated ware-room of cutlery; and Scott selected a planter's knife and a peculiar kind of instrument combining a penknife and pair of scissors, on which he desired the shopman to have his name engraved. In the *Life of Scott*, vol. v p. 89, may be found an anecdote connected with this circumstance, which I often heard him refer to with pleasure.

We continued our journey through Wakefield, Leeds, and Ripon, where we stopped for

a day to visit the venerable Minster, and the picturesque ruins of Fountains' Abbey, near Miss Lawrence's beautiful domain of Studleigh.

This building presents a fine specimen of the style of Gothic architecture of the reign of Henry III. ;* and as no unusual acts of violence had taken place here at the time of the dissolution, its remains afford a more exact picture of monastic establishments than is to be met with anywhere else in Britain.

It is not to be overlooked, that the venerable Clerk of Copmanhurst was one of the lights of this Abbey, as we find by the following note in the last edition of *Ivanhoe*.

“ Readers the least unacquainted with black letter cannot fail to detect in the Clerk of Copmanhurst, Friar Tuck, the buxom confessor of Robin Hood's band, the curtail Friar of Fountains' Abbey.”

* Fountains' Abbey was begun in 1204, and completed in less than forty years. Ripon Minster was begun 1331, and finished in 1494.

From Ripon we crossed through an extremely rugged tract of country to Middleham, in Yorkshire, near which Mr. Hall occasionally resided when superintending the operations of the workmen. After examining, under his guidance, the process of smelting the lead ore, with which this district abounds, one of the most unwholesome occupations it is possible to conceive, we parted from our fellow-traveller, and proceeded to Rokeby, the grounds of which, however, I was unluckily prevented from seeing, owing to the shortness of our stay, and the very unfavourable state of the weather.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

While as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerge proud Bernard's bannered walls,
High crowned he sits in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lonely vale.

Rokeby.

They led him thro' the Leddel rack,
And also thro' the Carlisle sands,
They brought him to Carlisle castell,
To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

Ballad of Kinmont Willie.

Bernard Castle—Appleby, Countess of Dorset, &c —Penrith—
Carlisle—Corby—Kinmont Willie—Longtown.

WE did not, of course, pass so near the ancient castle which had been lately celebrated by

the muse of Scott, without visiting its picturesque ruins. We ascended

“Brackenbury’s dismal tower”

and admired the fine view from that of Baliol. Scott pointed out, near one of the windows, the device of the crook-backed Richard,—“the bloody and usurping boar that spoiled the summer fields and fruitful vines,” engraved on the wall of the castle, which he often made his residence, in order to overawe the Lancastrian party in the north.

We then proceeded to Brough and Appleby, where we stopped to look at the castle.

We were now in the territories of that celebrated Lady Ann Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, whose lofty spirit enabled her to repel the insults both of an usurper and a heartless king.* In her ancient

*The authenticity of her letter to the minister of Charles the Second, which has been so often quoted, is doubted by Mr. Coleridge.—See his History of the Worthies of Yorkshire.

castle of Appleby, there are many curious relics of the family, and in particular a suit of steel armour, richly inlaid with golden fleurs-de-lis, and other ornaments, which had been worn by her father, the gallant George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, and is considered one of the finest specimens of mail in England. This gallant knight, it is well known, was honoured with the especial regard of Queen Elizabeth, and used to wear in his helmet a glove, which he had received from her majesty, as a token of her favour.

There are in the castle some portraits of the Countess, and also the manuscript of her memoirs, and diary, which she continued almost to the day of her death, in March, 1676.

In this she describes her two noble husbands as very worthy lords, though it was her fortune to have crosses with them both.

Of herself, she says—"mine eyes were black, like my father's, and the form and aspect of them, quick and lively, like my mother's. The

hair of my head was brown, and very thick, and so long, that it reached to the calf of my leg when I stood upright, with a peak of hair on my forehead, and a dimple on my chin;—like my father, full-cheeked; and round-faced like my mother, and an exquisite shape of body like my father;—but now time and age have long since ended all these beauties, which are to be compared to the grass of the field—Isaiah, xl. 6, 7, 8; 1 Peter, i. 24. For now when I caused these memorials of myself to be written, I have passed the sixty-third year of my age, and though I say it, the perfections of my mind are much above those of my body,” &c. &c.

There is a portrait of this lady at Knowle, by Mytens, which gives a favourable idea of her beauty.

Sir Walter's retentive memory of course enabled him to give several extracts from the manuscript of the Countess, some of them no less singular than minute.

In the church of St. Lawrence, in the town of Appleby, are the tombs of her mother, the Countess of Cumberland, and of herself, over which are inscriptions, giving an account of the genealogy of the family.

The country through which we were now passing was one in which Sir Walter took much interest, and reminded him of the happy days when he visited the lakes with a gay party of companions, previous to his important sojourn at Gilsland, in the summer of 1797. It was now also the abode of several well-known and highly esteemed friends, whose names had long been celebrated in the annals of literature. To them it may be supposed he frequently alluded, and used occasionally to recite several of their compositions. In this respect Sir Walter was extremely obliging, and on being asked for a story, had always one in readiness, which he gave with the utmost good will. The Inch-cape rock, Genevieve, Christabel,* Famine-fire, and

* I recollect his remarking of the author of *Christabel*, in al-

Slaughter, &c., I recollect his repeating, when reminded of these or other pieces by any casual allusion to the authors that might occur in the course of conversation.

Although the scenery of Cumberland was familiar to Scott, he seemed to have pleasure in revisiting it, and inspected every thing that is usually presented to the notice of tourists.

At Penrith we examined the Giant's Grave and the Giant's Thumb, and the Roman camp in its vicinity, with the traditions concerning all of which he was perfectly acquainted.

"I am always glad to visit Carlisle," said he, when we were walking about the town;—"I was married here, and never spent happier days than when I used to take excursions in this *neighbourhood*."

lusion to the singular mysticism and obscurity with which his fine writings were not unfrequently clouded, that he reminded him of ~~Mr.~~ Boniface, who according to her worthy helpmate, was not contented with plain wholesome beer, but was always inclined to qualify the good liquor with a dash of usquebaugh.

He paid his usual visit to the cathedral, which he seldom neglected to do when in Carlisle, and we lingered for some time in the castle, and "the esplanade in front of its gothic gate." This of course reminded me of those melancholy scenes, which, of late, had attracted such general attention from the descriptions of the author of *Waverley*. To this portion, however, of the history of the castle, my companion was not disposed to refer so particularly as to the more ancient story of "Kinmont Willie," which I well remember his repeating while we sauntered about the ramparts.

From Carlisle we went to Corby castle, formerly the abode of the "fause Sakelde," and now in possession of a gentleman with whom Scott was well acquainted, and after a delightful ramble among "Corby's Banks," passed the night at Longtown.

I had purchased at Carlisle a copy of a lately published number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and shewed him the advertisement of the

"*Field of Waterloo*,"—"Ah! have they got that in already, then it's time I were at home."

With the exception of one or two remarks made in the same slight and casual manner, and also, as I formerly mentioned, when we passed Flodden; I believe Sir Walter during the whole course of our journey, scarcely ever alluded to his writings. On another occasion, I recollect that in reply to some queries I put to him with respect to *Marmion*, he again made several observations on that poem, principally in reference to the description of the battle in the last canto, which he considered as one of his happiest efforts.

The only traces I observed of his being engaged in composition were at Paris, where on his table I occasionally perceived sundry detached sheets of paper scattered about, on which a few lines of verse were jotted down.

Now and then, as in the instance that occurred during his drive from Peterborough, I could

perceive him repeating passages to himself, and with much energy; but never was any one less of the author than he.—“Keenly enjoying literature as he did,” says Mr. Morritt, “he always maintained the same estimate of it, as subordinate and auxiliary to the purposes of life, and rather talked of men and events than of books.”

In the course of this evening, which was the last of our excursion, I recollect Scott referring to a period of his youthful days, which, from his tone and manner, I have no doubt had a powerful influence over his feelings. On no other occasion did I ever hear him make any allusion to the subject. Some years afterwards I remember reading a passage in the novel of *Kenilworth*, which appeared to me to be suggested by a train of feelings very similar to those to which he then gave utterance, and which has never failed to remind me of our conversation at Longtown.

Tressilian has returned to the castle at a time when the gay party who then inhabited it had set out on a hunting expedition with the queen, and is meditating, during his solitary walk in the garden, on the melancholy fate of the woman he had so tenderly loved. The reflexions made on his state of mind in this distressing situation, are as follows:—

“ Nothing is perhaps more dangerous to the future happiness of men of deep thought and retired habits, than the entertaining an early, long and unfortunate attachment. It frequently sinks so deep into the mind, that it becomes their dream by night and their vision by day, mixes itself with every source of interest and enjoyment, and when blighted and withered by final disappointment, it seems as if the springs of the spirit were dried up along with it. This aching of the heart, this languishing after a shadow, which has lost all the gaiety of its colouring, this dwelling on the remembrance

of a dream from which we have been long roughly awakened, is the weakness of a gentle and generous heart; and it was that of Tressilian."—*Kenilworth*, chap. 10, vol. iii.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
The sun had brightened the Carter's side.
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's side
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"Welcum, James Boyd," said our nobil king,
"What foreste is Ettricke foreste frie?"
Ettrick foreste is the feirest foreste
That ever man saw wi' his e'e
Song of the Outlaw Murray

WE had now entered Scotland, at a point distinguished for the picturesque beauty of the scenery, and were in the vicinity of places

which were among the first to arouse the powers of Scott's imagination, and had been his favourite haunts from the days of his early youth.

We passed the tower of the renowned free-booter Johnny Armstrong, whose descendant was the hero of the last border raid in the time of James I.—A fine old Peel, which the unfortunate owner is thus supposed to address when preparing to meet his fate.

“ Farewell, my bonny Gilnock hill,
Where on Esk side thou standest stout ;
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,
I wad hae gilt thee round about.”

A few miles farther on, Scott described the place where the borderer and his companions were executed by order of the inexorable king, who was not to be won over by his fair protestations.

“ John was murdered at Carleurig,
And all his gallant companie ;
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae sair,
To see sae many brave men die.”

The graves of these sufferers are still to be seen in an old church-yard in the neighbourhood.

Scott pointed to the entrance to Liddesdale, a well-known road, and which I hoped one day to travel with him. "I should well like another raid into Liddesdale some day; I have not seen it for these many years. Hermitage is at no great distance."

He had on his finger, if I mistake not, a ring which had been found in the ruins of that old castle. It was of silver, and was ornamented with a number of hearts placed at intervals round the rim, carved in high relief.

The ballad of Lord Soulis, by his friend Leyden, had always been a favourite of mine; and he promised to shew me "the nine stane rig," and "the Skelf hill," where "that cruel warden" had suffered for his crimes, in defiance of Redcap and the fiends who befriended him. This project, however, we unfortunately never made good.

The singular pass, called the "Doors of Ewes," through which the road winds for some way, following the course of a stream among a confused group of green hills, that seem almost to forbid any further passage to the Southron, forms a remarkable and not very favourable contrast to the beautifully wooded dells of the Esk. It is, however, a wild scene of a very peculiar character; and, as Scott said, "*well suited to the border*," as a handful of men could at any time defend against a force very superior in numbers.

We then passed "Branxholm's lordly towers," and arrived at Abbotsford on the 26th of September. Here a happy group was ready to give him welcome. His wife and children, and their friend Miss Miller, Tom Purdie,—in short, the whole household, not forgetting his dumb friends, were assembled at the door of the cottage.

"Sae ye hae gotten awa' frae them after a'" was almost the very first remark made by Tom,

who had always entertained no small apprehensions for the consequences of this journey to foreign parts; and now, probably for the first time, was induced to give some credit to his master's assertion, that there was no cause to be afraid of the Frenchman now-a-days, whatever might have been the case formerly.

Some explanations were required of us, as to the cause of our delay in our journey from London, which had much exceeded in length what had been expected by the party at Abbotsford; and I felt it incumbent on me to take a considerable portion of the blame for the wandering life we had been leading to myself, many of the objects of our tour having, as I insisted, been visited almost entirely on *my* account.

Very little time was allowed to elapse ere we were called upon by the young people to unlock our portmanteaus, in order to exhibit our souvenirs from the Boulevards, and the Palais Royal, and the specimens of satin spar and

blue-john from Derbyshire. Our collection of caricatures, of course, afforded ample subject for mirth; and in several of the neighbours—Tom Purdie and others—excited no small degree of astonishment, as may be recollected from the descriptions Sir Walter occasionally gave, with such hearty glee, of their criticisms.

After spending a few days at Abbotsford, I thought it right to give up my pew in *the chapel* to some of Sir Walter's friends, as the accommodations of the house were extremely limited; I therefore bade farewell to my companion, whom I left, not as the generality of observers could possibly have supposed, engaged in pursuits sufficient to engross the undivided attention of the most diligent student from morning to night, but apparently employed in the common avocations of a country gentleman, who spent the day in entertaining his friends, superintending his plantations, and the improvements on his estate.

I am conscious that I have lingered on my

way, and fear that I may have failed to impart to my narrative such a portion of the satisfaction I enjoyed during our brief ramble as may be sufficient to apologize for the minuteness of detail into which I have entered respecting subjects already so well known.

I trust, however, that from the remarkable character of the scenes I have attempted to describe, as well as from the circumstances under which my companions,—who yet survive, and myself had the good fortune to visit them, I may be pardoned for dwelling as I have done on a period to which I must ever look as one of the most interesting of my life.

THE END.

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